THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For JUNE, 1800.

CONTAINING,

	Page
Account of Ascot Heath Races	103
Sporting Subjects in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy	105
Law Case.—An assault	105
————A challenge	106
A Poaching Tinker	108
Wiltshire Cricketing	ibid
Art of Angling	109
Great Diversity of Russian Horses	111
German Potations, and Mode of celebrating Saints Days	114
Instance of complete Jockeyship	116
Treatise on Horses	117
Cruelty to Horses	119
Answer to A Poor Northumbrian, respecting the Cuckoo	120
Patent granted to Mr. Colman for an artificial Frog	ibid
English Horse Races, and other Sports	121
The Man with a Black Beard—a singular Character	125
Boxing Match at Lloyd's Coffee-house	126
Private Masquerade	ibid
Report of a Trial for seizing Pigeons, Sporting Dogs, &c. for Rent	128
Report of a Trial for Crim. Con.	129
Downfal of Hawkins and Underwood, the dashing Swindlers	130
Singular Instance of Instinct	132
A Poaching Miser	133
A strange Case of Conscience, and Point of Honour in a Murderer	ibid
Review of the Volunteers in Hyde Park	134
Cricket Matches	135
Pretended Miracle effected by Gaming	138
Curious Mode of hunting Field Mice	ibid
Feast of Wit	139
Sporting Intelligence	142
POETRY.	
The Scenery of a Horse-Race	145
The Granny Grey—a Tale	146
Anacreontic Song, by Capt. Morrice	147
The Persian Tailor and his Pot	ibid
Sir Simon Hodge; or, The additional Wrinkle	ibid
Racing Calendar	13—20

[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of TRAVELLER, from a Painting of SARTORIUS; and an animated Etching of A HORSE RACE, by HOWIT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHILE the City of Genoa has lately become remarkable, in consequence of its frequent change of Masters, we are very opportunely promised, "A Description of the Game of Genoa;" a species of gambling not hitherto described in any Book of Games extant in the English language. —We might congratulate our general readers upon the ingenuity of our more learned Correspondents, from whom, it seems, nothing is locked up, that is to be found in any of the languages of Europe.

ANY communication on the subject of Sports and Games, or any other subject relative to our plan, though in any foreign tongue, will be thankfully received by the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

VENATOR from Chester, has our thanks for his character of the Poaching Miser; a character we know to have been real; but he might have contrived to have sent both his communications in one letter. The Sermon in Verse is trite and stale.

ANOTHER Odd Fish in our next—Dangerous Sporting with Female Virtue, &c. &c.

OUR next Number will also be enriched with an unique description; viz. an Account of an *Agricultural Fete*, lately celebrated at Vevey, upon the Swiss Territory. At a period when the improvement of Agriculture is likely to become of more consequence to this country than its Commerce, some of those who have the power, may not be averse to the introduction of similar means of conferring effect and publicity to such public exhibitions, which happily combine amusement with national advantages.

THE Indian Game of Chess, from Sir W. Jones, is received.

Traveller.

Published July 1. 1800. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For JUNE 1800.

Traveller.

[*A beautiful Engraving by* Scott, *from a Painting of* Sartorius.]

NOT being yet in possession of the pedigree and performances of this famous horse, we have only to inform our readers, that we shall take the first opportunity that presents itself for an ample payment of all that we are indebted to them on account of various pedigrees, &c. &c.

Ascot Races, 1800.

Notwithstanding Ascot Races will, in course, be reported in our Calendar, we nevertheless deem it proper here to give the following description of the week's sport from the pen of a Correspondent—

ON Saturday, June 21, the races concluded, after one of the gayest weeks ever seen there since the Great Oatlands was won by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—Disposed as the public generally are to this annual scene of sporting exhilaration, it became of course much more attracting by the vicinity of the camps, which, it will be readily conceived, added in no small degree to the splendour of the variegated groupe.

The running for the King's 100 guineas for hunters on Tuesday, constituted a blaze of emulation between Mr. Ramsbottom, General Gwynne, Captain Batson, Mr. Smith, and two others: the three former being equal favourites for the plate, no betting ran in favour of either. The first heat was won by Mr. Smith, beating Captain Batson by half a length, who also contested the second heat with Mr. Ramsbottom's Lark, and was again beat, and then drawn. The last heat was between Lark, Mr. Smith, and the Marquis of Donegal; and so well were the three in with each other at turning the King's Stand, that the best judges knew not which to take for *five* pounds; near the betting-stand, Lark and Goldfinch were running head and head, when the latter *swerved* (or rather *bolted*) near twenty yards, and although he recovered his lost ground considerably, yet it left Lark the winner by three or four lengths. Lark has been since sold to Mr. Jenner, who is steward for Cardiff races, at which place he is intended to run on Wednesday se'nnight. Mr. Smith's Goldfinch will start for the sweepstakes at Stockbridge on Tuesday, the first of July.

The three year old sweepstakes, of ten guineas each, twenty subscribers, was won easy by Lord Egremont's Precipitate colt, out of Tag, who ran second at Epsom for the Derby. The sweepstakes, of ten guineas each, for all ages (one and twenty subscribers,) was won by Mr. Lake's Sir Peter colt, (out of the yellow mare,) beating Fugelman, Vivaldi, Humbug, &c.;—a circumstance that raises his value *some hundreds* in the estimation of the sporting world. Mr. Dashwood's Play or Pay, beat Mr.

Whaley's Postboy, a match for 100, easy.

Wednesday was a day of no small disappointment to the accumulated aggregate. Fugelman having entered, Lord Clermont's Carlo was drawn, and there was no race for the plate; the day not affording any sport but a match of *one mile* between His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Harry of Hilton, and Lord Clermont's Bobator, for fifty guineas, which was won by the former.

Thursday was productive of not only good sport, but *bona fide* inveterate running, the competitors being equally stimulated by both *honour* and *profit*; this conjunctive *spur* to *emulation* afforded three excellent heats for the Yeomen Prickers' plate, between Mr. Gosden's Steady, by Balance, and Mr. Sharp's St. George (late the Duke of Bedford's) which, after much fluctuation of opinion and very severe running, terminated in favour of the former.—The same day seven were entered for the handicap plate of 50l.; but upon Fugelman's being announced for the eighth, four of the former were drawn, and the plate won at two heats by Fugelman, beating Agricola, Tunbridge, and Omen.

Friday, the three-year old plate not run for.

The 50l. for all ages afforded much betting and excellent running; the first heat was very honestly, of course warmly, contested between the Marquis of Donegal's Grey Pilot and Lord Clermont's Carlo, being won by the former, who severely disputed the second heat with, and was beat by Mr. Hemming's Cadet, a Welch horse, by Soldier, when Lord Clermont's Carlo was fourth and drawn. The third heat was excellent running between Grey Pilot and Cadet, terminating the race and plate in favour of the latt r; Mr. Abbey's Commodore having run fourth, third and third.

Saturday, eleven horses were entered for the Handicap plate of 50l. of which (from fear of each other's superiority) only five came to the post. Mr. Dashwood's Play or Pay; the D. of Queensberry's Egham; Mr. Lake's Sir Peter colt, out of Storace; Mr. Durand's Ramschoondra; and Captain Hay's Omen. Favouritism was almost out of the question, the most *knowing ones* being in doubt where to fix *the certainty* (without which they bet but little); the first heat was in the highest stile of inveterate opposition, and won by Omen, beating Play or Pay by only *half a head*. The second heat, Ramschoondra went off at score, and kept the lead full six lengths for more than a mile and a half, when they clustered, and came up the hill together. In turning the King's Stand, they might have been covered with a sheet; this was a very capital heat, and won by the *neck* only by the Sir Peter colt! as was the third also, after a very excellent heat between the winner, Omen and Egham.

Lord Clermont's Carlo beat Lake's Fogram, a mile, for fifty guineas, easy.

The regular sport of the day was followed up by two camp-made matches, of fifty guineas each, amongst the officers, who, not recollecting it was not the province of their horses *to run*, had unthinkingly brought them out of *their element*, where they literally soon *ran* to a voluntary "halt," or *stand still*. Suffice it to say, the gentlemen gave better proofs of judgment *in riding*, than their horses did of *speed*. Notwithstanding the course was generally covered with the military, both on and off duty; yet better order or discipline never

was

was seen, not a broil, wrangle, or fight was observed, or a noisy instance of intoxication during the week. The only accidents that came to our knowledge were, a horse laying upon a rough road, over the Heath, with a broken leg; and the shafts of a chair snapped in two, by the *furor* of a *charioteering* rustic, throwing out his two female companions, who, luckily sustaining no injury, were soon upon their legs again, chearfully (and perhaps truly) exclaiming, "They were ready for another *tumble.*"

SPORTING SUBJECTS, &c.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1800.

[From misapprehension in the Printer last month, the numbers and subjects were only given, without the names of the *Artists*; a matter so essential, that we are induced to print the article again.]

No. 18. PORTRAITS of two horses—G. Garrard.

42. Portrait of a cow, the property of R. Dyott, Esq —J. Ward.

45 Horses, cattle, and figures: evening—Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

52. Two chargers belonging to the Duke of York—H. B. Chalon.

102. Portrait of spaniels and a bittern—C. Catton.

110 A portrait of a horse—G. Garrard.

113. The decoy—W. R. Bigg, A.

114. The ox who won the plate at Lyndhurst races, going round a course nearly two miles in eight minutes—T. Gooch.

136. Adonis with his dogs, conducted to the chase by love—B. West, R. A.

201. Diamond, by Highflyer, belonging to J. Cookson, Esq. with the portrait of Mr. Dennis Fitzpatrick—B. Marshal, H.

219. Portrait of a hunter—J. N. Sartorious.

222. Hambletonian beating Diamond at Newmarket—G. Stubbs, A.

241. Horses—E. Spilsbury.

267. Portraits of Captain Ricketts, with his horse and hounds —B. Marshall, H.

287. Portrait of Spider, an Irish horse, the property of John Bell, Esq.—G. Arnald.

309. A vulture—J. Northcote, R. A.

368. Angling—J. De Fleury.

399. The bird's nest—J. De Fleury.

467 Partridges—W. Johnson, jun. H.

511. Portrait of a lion in the Tower—J. Ward.

518. Proserpine and Mercury, horses, the property of Mr. J. Vaux—G. Arnald.

527. Cattle—G. Ainslie, Esq. H.

531. Portrait of a horse—G. Garrard

590. A trout—Master T. Kilburn, H.

613. A cat and a chicken—Master T. Kilburn, H.

639. Deer—S. Hewitt.

640. Deer—S. Hewitt.

744. Hambletonian rubbing down—G. Stubbs, A.

780. A dundiver, shot in Mell's park, near Frome, Somersetshire —R. P. Nodder.

969. A bull—L. Gahagan.

1009. A lap-dog, (Marble.)—Hon. Mrs. Damer, H.

1083. Fighting bulls, (Model.) —G Garrard.

1091. A Norway elk pursued by wolves, (Model.)—G. Garrard.

LORD CHARLES FITZROY AND MR. COOK.

WEDNESDAY June 18, Lord Charles Fitzroy appeared in the Court of King's Bench, to receiv

ceive judgment for an assault upon Mr. William Wimper Cooke, of Ipswich.

It appeared, from the affidavit of the prosecutor, that the regiment of which Lord Charles was Major-General was stationed at Ipswich in the month of August last, and that his Lordship came on the premises of the prosecutor's father, who was a farmer, in order to examine the course of a river that ran through them; that the prosecutor informed him he had no right there, and some words ensued; Lord Charles told him, if it had not been for his being in his regimentals, he would have given him a dressing, but he would come on some future day, in a brown or blue coat, and treat him as he deserved. About a month afterwards the prosecutor was riding a hunting, and was met in a lane by Lord Charles and another gentleman: the former asked him if his name was Cooke? and upon his answering in the affirmative, said, "D—n you, get down, and I will fight you as long as I can see you:" and he reminded him of his having been impertinent, and desired him to beg his pardon: this he refused to do. Lord Charles sent away the gentleman who accompanied him, and then said to the prosecutor, "You recollect I told you I would come in a brown or blue coat, and now I have you alone, I will give you a d—d good threshing." He followed up his threats with several blows, which the prosecutor warded off; and he stated, that he was the better enabled so to do, from his having belonged to the volunteer cavalry, and learnt the use of the broad sword: he, however, received a blow on his right, or sword arm, and another on his breast, after which he rode away. Lord Charles exclaimed, "Oh, oh, you are off, are you?"

By the affidavits of Lord Charles, and several other persons, it further appeared that his Lordship, when desired not to trespass on his premises, said he had done no injury to his d——d fences." The other replied, "D—n you, if you come to that—you are a d——d pretty fellow, you may come in a green coat and be d——d;" and when informed he was the General, observed, that whether he was the General or the Devil, he should be ready for him. Upon the whole, it seemed, the farmer had behaved with a great deal of insolence to Lord Charles.

Lord Charles was indicted at the Quarter Sessions, and gave notice he should plead guilty, but the prosecutor removed the indictment by certiorari to the King's Bench.

After Mr. Gibbs had been heard for the prosecutor, and Mr. Erskine for the defendant,

Mr. Justice Gross lamented that a gentleman of the defendant's rank and condition, who was so deeply interested in the preservation of the public peace, should have violated it. The Court, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, adjudged him to pay a fine of 30l. and to be imprisoned in the King's Bench till it was discharged.—The fine was immediately paid.

Challenge, &c.

In former Magazines were given some parts of the Trial of Major Armstrong; and as the following is connected with circumstances that occurred thereon, we deem it interesting, and proper to be laid before our readers.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 20, 1800.

MR. Erskine moved the Court for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against Major Armstrong, some time since of the 11th regiment of foot. The officer on whose behalf he made, this application possessed as much bravery and talent as any in the service of his Majesty. It was no other than Major General Coote: and it would only be necessary to read a few lines of the General's affidavit to obtain the object of the present motion; but he was extremely desirous the public should be informed of what had induced this truly valuable personage, in whose behalf he then addressed the Court, to crave the protection of the Court. General Coote had not only served his country with the highest degree of reputation in the American war, but had also held a distinguished command both in the West Indies and on the Continent, during the present contest, and was entrusted by government to conduct the late expedition against Ostend. Notwithstanding the adversity of the weather, and many concurrent unfortunate circumstances, which no human prudence could possibly foresee or guard against, the object of the Expedition was most completely accomplished, though the return of the troops engaged in it to this country was rendered impossible. A court martial had been demanded by Captain Wilson of the royal artillery, on the conduct of Major Armstrong, who held a command in that expedition, and was granted, to try Major Armstrong on a charge of cowardice and desertion of his post; of which, after a complete investigation of his whole conduct, he was acquitted. General Coote on this occasion was called upon, as one of those present, to give his testimony as to the transaction, without the smallest interference of his own, and actuated by no personal resentment or the least degree of malice against Major Armstrong, but he came there merely as an evidence. Very soon after Major Armstrong was acquitted he sold his commission, and a whole year elapsed before any thing further took place. At the end of that period, Major Armstrong sent a letter to General Coote, which he duly received, and which was nearly to the following purport:—"Sir, I should not have been thus long silent respecting the attempt to injure my character by a groundless prosecution, in which you took a chief and active part, had I not been particularly employed in Ireland. As the charges were malicious in the extreme, and so framed as to destroy my fortune, reputation and honour, I trust that, as an officer and a gentleman, you will not refuse me such an apology as I have right to expect." To this letter the following answer was returned by General Coote:—"Sir, I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. The evidence I gave on your trial was upon oath and according to my conscience, and, of course, explains itself, without admitting of explanation. As to what you charge me with, of taking an active part against you on that occasion, it must have arisen from gross misinformation. I took no part whatever in the business, further than I was obliged to do, in being called on to give my evidence." Very soon after this, Major Armstrong sent General Coote the following letter, which constitutes the ground of the present motion.—"Sir, I have had the honour of receiving your's, and cannot but express my surprize

surprize, that you, as a gentleman, should decline the acknowledgment of your error; and I feel the deepest regret at your refusal to allay those sensations which have been wounded by your malicious evidence. I expect you will immediately appoint a time and place for our meeting, which I will take care to attend with punctuality. Should you not consent to this mode of adjustment, I shall take the first opportunity of addressing you in such a manner as my wounded honour cannot fail to dictate."—Upon the receipt of this letter, said the learned counsel, this most honourable and distinguished officer had felt it to be his duty to make the present application to the Court.

Lord Kenyon said, the General was perfectly right in what he had done.

Mr. Erskine observed, that it was scarcely necessary to state, that General Coote swears he apprehends the contents of this letter convey a challenge to fight a duel. His appeal to the Court is to shew the public, that if insults similar to the present are permitted with impunity, it is the fault of the parties concerned, and not of the laws of the country.

Lord Kenyon said, This letter most undoubtedly appears, on the first blush of it, to be a libel and a challenge, unless the writer can otherwise explain it. There must be an end of public justice, if judges, jurors, or witnesses, were liable to be called to an account for what they did in their several capacities.—Rule granted.

A Poaching Tinker.

WEDNESDAY, June 18th, James Kemball, tinker, was convicted before Thomas Sherlock Gooch, esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Suffolk, in the penalty of five pounds, for poaching in the royalty of Richard Savage Lloyd, esq. at Peyton-hall. It is hoped that this example will operate as a warning to all persons of a similar description. The legislature, in enacting laws for the preservation of game and fish, had it not only in view to protect the property of individuals preserved by them at a considerable expence, but to prevent the lower orders of society from wasting that time, which ought to be industriously employed in support of their families, in indolence and depredation. A poacher is universally an idle man, frequently becomes a smuggler, and very often terminates his life at the gallows.

Wiltshire Cricketing.

SEVERAL gentlemen of Westbury, who have this season revived this noble game, having resolved on a match, to be played near Bratton castle; accordingly sixteen gentlemen met there for the first time on Friday the 6th of June, to commence the sport, when a game of two innings was contested between Thomas White, esq. and George White, esq. each with seven other gentlemen, which terminated considerably in favour of the former. The diversion displayed on this occasion having excited much attention, and the company assembled appearing highly gratified by the entertainment, it was proposed to continue it; and on Thursday the 12th, a more regular match, was played between William Stamp, esq. and a select party of ten gentlemen, and Wm. Budd, esq. aided by Mr. Pym and nine other gentlemen, which ended in favour of the former.

ANGLING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

By *Samuel Taylor.*

Small Octavo—See Title at full in our last Number, page 86.

[IN our last Publication we gave Mr. Taylor's entertaining Preface to his book. We likewise gave in page 94, the Author's instructions how to make Hair-lines, choose Hooks, &c. This last we mention particularly, on account of the extract being made without acknowledging that it was taken from Mr. Taylor's book, a practice we wish in all cases to avoid, well-knowing that a candid avowal of the sources from whence we derive our materials will best entitle us to the good opinion of all liberal-minded men.]

The first part of Mr. Taylor's work is composed of—

A list of the counties of ENGLAND, WALES, and SCOTLAND, in alphabetical order; the rivers and other waters which they contain; their rise, progress, and curiosities; together with those of IRELAND; the fish that they produce, and the parts best adapted for angling.—A description of the lochs or lakes; noticing the number of islands that some of them comprise, and distinguishing those which are inhabited; the cause of the rivers expanding into these large waters, and afterwards sending forth other rivers; with an account of the beautiful lake of Killarney.—In this part are interspersed some curious and entertaining little incidents which occurred to the Author in the course of his pastime of Angling; with many other remarks never before made public.

Without trenching too much on Mr. Taylor's work, we shall at present only select from it his description of the following Counties—

CUMBERLAND.

THIS county contains a number of rivers, exclusive of lakes or meres. The principal are the Eden, which is said to rise from Mowill-hill in Westmoreland, and runs on the north side of Carlisle into the Solway Firth. The Petterel runs on the east side, and the Cauda, or Cawd, on the west: so that the city is almost surrounded with rivers. The Derwent rises from the Derwent Mountains; and, running through the middle of the county, falls into the Irish sea. Some have erroneously asserted, that in one or more of these rivers is taken the delicious fish called Charr. This is a mistake, however, which perhaps arises from a species of trout that is caught in the river Petterel, about the size of the Charr, of nearly as fine a colour, and not easily distinguishable in taste, particularly when potted. I am persuaded that the very singular sort of fish called Charr is no where to be found in Great Britain, except in Winander-Mere in the county of Westmoreland, (and which divides it from Lancashire) Ulles-Water in this county, and a lake at Snowden in Wales.

These rivers, especially the Derwent, produce excellent salmon, salmon-trout, trout, and various other sorts of fish; so that a person who understands the art of angling may always find sport in this county.

DEVONSHIRE.

Is well watered by several fine rivers, and abundance of small streams. The principal rivers are, the Tamar, which separates this county from Cornwall, has its rise near Welcombe, and, running from north to south, becomes so very large and so deep, for near two leagues before it opens into Plymouth Sound, that the Salmon have a secure retreat in the salt water; the river Plime, which runs by Plymouth; the Ax, near Axminster; the Ex, which rises among the hills on the north side of the county, and, like the Tamar, begins within five miles of the sea, runs to Tiver-

ton, just below, which it receives the small river Loman, and, keeping on its course to Exeter, falls into the Channel. There are also the rivers Towridge and Taw, both of which meet the sea just below Bideford and Barnstaple, forming one channel; the Tavy, which runs by Tavistock; the Dart, which runs by King's Ware and Dartmouth; and the Columb.

These rivers abound with excellent salmon and trout, and contain uncommon quantities of other fish, which afford great diversion to the angler. I have often angled near Exeter, where I always met with good sport; and have taken that much-esteemed fish called mullet.

At the latter end of August, in the year 1786, returning from Exeter to London, I had occasion to stop at Honiton, a stage of sixteen miles, where I was accommodated at the George Inn. The next day Mr. Readstone (who kept the inn) and I entered into conversation upon angling, particularly fly-fishing for trout, when he mentioned a small river near the town which had been once famous for that species of fish, but was now fallen into disrepute, on account of the privileges granted of late years to the freemen of Honiton to use whatever means they pleased to take and destroy the fish; so that there were not any to be taken by angling within some miles of the town. I then told him that I would take a walk to this water, as I could always find trout in a river wherein there ever had been any. Upon coming to the river, I found it a very small stream, not sufficient to harbour any fish in that part: but on following its course a little way, I soon perceived (as I expected) the streams more rapid, and deeper in many places, occasioned by little falls of water, and the bottom, here and there, full of small craggy rocks, (which is generally the case in small trout rivers), by which means the fish are sheltered and preserved; it being impossible, in such bottoms, totally to destroy them.

Being convinced (by the observations just before stated, together with the quality of the water) that there were trout in these places, I began to angle with a favourite artificial fly of my own making, with which, (in about an hour and a half) I caught a fine dish of trout, some of them very large. The fish were afterwards shewn to several gentlemen who were reputed to be the best anglers in the town, all of whom expressed their astonishment at my success, as they had been out that and the preceding day, but could not raise a single fish. This may serve as a convincing proof that very few of the number of those who pretend to be good anglers have much, if any, knowledge of the nature of fish or their baits; for I had often, before that time, met with similar success in several of these kinds of *condemned rivers*, in different parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The chief river of this county is the Severn, which is large and beautiful, and for the length of its navigation, may be said to rival the Thames. It rises out of a mountain called Plinlimmon Hill in Montgomeryshire, and is capable of carrying large barges from King Road up to Pool-Quay in the said county of Montgomery. It passes by the principal towns of Shrewsbury, (which it surrounds in the form of a horse-shoe), Bridgenorth, Bewdley, and the cities of Worcester and Gloucester; which

which county it enters a little above Tewkesbury, where the tide flows, and frequently higher, which is said to be more than seventy miles from the sea. It then passes Newnham, below which it resembles a sea, the tide rushing on with such impetuosity when coming in, that it rolls four or five feet high, and carries every thing before it. But what is affirmed to be more remarkable is, that the tides are highest one year at the full moon, and the next year at the change; and that in one year the night tides are highest, and the next the day tides. This river at last falls into the Bristol Channel. There are also the rivers Wye, (which passes Chepstow), Stroud, Avon, and Isis.

These rivers produce plenty of fine fish to afford the angler great sport. In the Severn, near Gloucester, are taken, in the fishery, abundance of fine salmon, with which the London markets are chiefly supported.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

This county is well watered by rivers, the principal of which are, the Wye, which rises from Plinlimmon Hill in North Wales, and has a long course, running through Hereford, Ross, and many other places in this county; the Lug, which passes through Leominster; the Arrow, the Monow, the Frome, and the Diffrin-Doe; the last of which is the only river of the county that does not rise in Wales.

These are excellent rivers for sport; abounding with salmon, salmon-trout, trout, grayling, and almost every other species of river fish. The Salmon in the Wye are remarkable for being always good; for it is not known that a foul fish was ever taken out of that river; and the graylings in the Lug are very fine, as well as those in the Wye.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

This county may well boast of its rivers, by which it is better watered than most others; the chief of these are, the Wye, which parts the county from Gloucestershire, and runs by the town of Monmouth till it joins the Severn; the Monnow, or Mynow, which divides it from Herefordshire, and, running on the other side of Monmouth, joins the Wye; the Rumney, which parts it from Glamorganshire; and the Usk, a beautiful river, which enters this county a little above Abergavenny, and runs mostly southward till it falls into the Severn by the mouth of the Ebwith; which last runs on the western side of the county. Beside these, there are the rivers Trothy at Monmouth, the Lug at Chepstow, and the Gavenny at Abergavenny.

All these rivers abound with fish, and afford excellent sport, as I have often experienced. The salmon, salmon-trout, trout, and grayling, taken here, are very fine, excepting only the salmon of the Usk, which are but indifferent, particularly from Abergavenny upwards.

N. B. The Lug is most noted for Grayling.

(To be continued.)

GREAT DIVERSITY OF RUSSIAN HORSES.

[From Mr. Tooke's View of the Russian Empire.]

A More remarkable and interesting object than common domestic animals now invites our attention, the BEASTS OF DRAUGHT AND BURDEN, of which there is a great and curious variety in the Russian empire.

The most common as well as the most useful animal of this class is

 the

the HORSE, a creature that by its strength and patient fortitude, under every region of heaven, seems destined to mitigate the effects of that curse which the levity of the first mortal is said to have drawn down upon his whole posterity. With almost all the nations of the earth this animal is the plodding participator in the labours of agriculture, the faithful and bold companion in the sports of the field, and in the perils of war; and in the refined nations of our quarter of the globe become indispensable to the purposes of convenience and luxury. The Russian empire produces and feeds great numbers of them; in the vast and fertile steppes, which human penury or avarice have not yet made tributary, they still live in the primitive state of nature, in perfect freedom; and even among the Nomadic tribes, where they are collected in whole troops, their servitude is as light as the slavery in polished countries is commonly great.

In the proper Russian provinces this breed is so general, that we seldom see a peasant, however poor his condition, who does not possess a horse or two; and, excepting in the Ukraine, this animal is universally employed in the works of the field. It is somewhat curious that the genuine Russian horse, notwithstanding the great diversity of climate, of nurture, of attendance, of provender, &c. is almost every where uncommonly alike; have all ram-like heads, long and meagre neck, a broad breast, and are very compact. There are excellent runners among them; they are indefatigable and hardy, but not handsome, and withal extremely obstinate and shy. In several regions of the empire this native race has been ennobled by foreign stallions, and the governments of Mosco, Tambof, Kazan, Simbirsk, with several others, produce large, beautiful, and strong horses.—Lithuania has always supplied the cavalry with this necessary; a good kind of poney is found in the district of Archangel, and for their fleetness and lasting powers the Livonian nags are very famous, but the genuine breed of them begins to be scarce.

The Tartarian horses are of such known excellence, particularly for the use of light cavalry, that this species needs here no farther description. But the improvements that have been made in Taurida in some of the studs by the commixture with Turkish and Arabian horses, so as greatly to improve the native breed, deserves to be particularly noticed. The race which the Kozaks of the Euxine have introduced into the isle of Taman and along the river Kuban will far excel the Tartarian. The Caucasian horses are but little inferior to the Arabian in regard of beauty, spirit, and docility, but the Bukharian pye-balls will dispute the palm with them in regard to the first of these advantages.—To these mostly native races, the catalogue of which might be easily lengthened, may still be added some foreign breeds, particularly the Danish and English, the propagation of which is greatly attended to in the numerous studs belonging to the crown, and in those of wealthy landlords.

Among the Nomadic tribes the Kalmuks, Kirghises, and Baschkirs possess the greatest numbers of these animals doubly necessary to them in their rambling mode of life. The Kalmuk horses are high, light-limbed; and, though not beautiful, are not of a disagreeable form. In point of fleetness they by no means yield to any other species; but they are not serviceable as draught horses, being

ing deficient in force, and by far too furious. Being accustomed only to graze upon the steppes, it is not possible in general to succeed with them without regular foddering, but it is difficult to make them take to it; and there is great hazard that, in proportion as their strength increases, their furiousness should also increase. There are Kalmuks who possess several thousand horses; most of the stallion-colts they make into geldings, but the stallions are never kept apart from the mares, that the proprietor may at no time be in want of milk.—The horses of the Kirghises differ but little from those of the Kalmuks, yet they are usually of somewhat higher growth. Also in impetuosity and fleetness they are equal to the latter, and likewise accustomed to scrape up their fodder the whole winter through from under the snow. They are divided into troops by their owners, to each of which is assigned only one stallion, who plays the shepherd as if it were over his flock.—But among none of the Nomadic people are bred better and larger horses than by the Baschkirs, particularly those who dwell eastward of the Ural along the river Iset. The noble herbage of the steppes in these regions affords such encouragement to the breeding of horses, that many individuals among the Baschkirs possess from two to four thousand of these animals. The horses here are doubtless very fine, yet the excellent pastures would greatly improve their species, if these shepherds did not deprive the colts of the mare's milk which they convert into an intoxicating liquor, and if they were not too lazy to provide a sufficient winter provision of hay, as the poor beasts in spring, when the melted snow freezes again, are almost destitute of food.

Amidst all this actual superfluity which Russia possesses in horses, the importation of these animals yet forms no inconsiderable rubric in the custom house lists of the Baltic ports. In St. Petersburgh alone are brought in of them annually to the amount of 120,000 to 130,000 rubles; to what then may it not amount through the whole country? If, however, only the half of them were adapted to improve the native breeds, this estimate would require no animadversion, as the benefit that might thus accrue to Russia would far outweigh the disadvantages arising from a luxury easily pardonable as proceeding from a useful taste.

It would be difficult to point out a people that understand how to manage horses so well as the Russians. Almost every boor is at once carter, driver, and horseman; and the care of the post, as well as the vehicles for the purpose of conveyance, constitute a primary business and an important branch of gain to the country people in most districts. In the common Russian the love for his horse forms a curious contrast with his severity in the treatment of him. Accustomed himself to harsh demands, he never fails to make the same upon his horse, and in case of need to enforce them with unmerciful severity. The rapidity with which they travel in Russia is become proverbial even in other countries; but when we are informed that the post-stations here are very far asunder, and that it is exceedingly common to pass two or three of them with the same horses with unabated speed, we may reasonably be astonished at the sturdiness of the Russian horses, and the insensibility of their owners. In the hard works which usually fall to the lot of these animals, their provender is often very scanty,

ty, and on violent exertions in performing a day's journey, a bit of black bread or a hard biscuit is their only refreshment. But the Russian likewise knows how much he can put upon his horse, without entirely exhausting his strength, and the providing for his health and attendance is of the greater consequence to him, as frequently he is the whole of his property.

The cattle of the Nomades consists chiefly in horses, as most of their necessaries are supplied by this animal. They obtain from them not only meat, milk, and cheese, but even spirituous liquor, skins for their clothing, sinews for sewing, &c. In these large droves the horses are mostly half-wild; they keep together in troops, each of which having several mares under one, at least one paramount stallion, who seems the guardian and protector of the whole multitude, keeps the droves together, is attentive to every danger, notifies to them by neighing; and in case of extremity, while the drove press quietly together, goes forth to meet the foe, and begins the fight in defence of the company under his protection.

There are districts in Russia where this serviceable species is even found WILD; though probably the horses running about at large in the Donskoi, the Uralian, and the Barabinzian steppes do not form a peculiar race, but have arisen from strayed stallions belonging to the pastoral nations, who have either seduced single mares or whole droves, and propagated in the uninhabited wildernesses. In their present savage state, though they resemble on the whole the little Russian horses, yet they have thicker heads, more pointed ears, a short curly mane, and a shorter tail. Their ordinary colour is light bay, others are rare. They associate in companies from five to twenty together, usually consisting of a family of one stallion, with several mares and colts. When the young male colts are grown up, the old stallion drives them from the herd, who yet follows them for some time till they are strong enough to get themselves a retinue of young mares. These wild horses keep the whole year round to the well-watered mountainous steppes; in winter seeking their food on the heights where the stormy winds prevent the snow from lying deep. From all the attempts that have hitherto been made, to tame them is utterly impossible; on being confined, they either effect their escape, or starve themselves to death. The Tartars and Kozaks therefore consider them in no other light than as objects of chase, and kill them for the sake of their flesh, which is a choice dish with most of the Nomadic tribes. The chase of them, however, is very difficult, as they are not only excessively fleet, but have withal so nice a scent, that under the wind they can smell the men at the distance of several versts, and then immediately take to flight.

GERMAN POTATIONS, *and Mode of celebrating* SAINTS DAYS.

A Correspondent who has sent us the following extract from the travels of a gentleman, assures us, that the latter saw the ceremony practiced twice at Mentz in Germany, where he happened to be for two years together on a Holy Thursday.

"This day, after morning service, and washing of feet, the archbishop, the great canons, and all the other priests that serve the cathedral, go in procession

sion to a great hall, that is near the church, which they call the chapter-house, there to celebrate the supper. The seculars that are of rank, also enter. Great benches are placed round the hall, where the company seat themselves; in the midst is a great table, covered with a table-cloth, upon which are placed large cups, with other vessels full of wine, and a vast quantity of great wafers, divided into pounds and half-pounds. The archbishop, arrayed in his pontifical habits, reads aloud the gospel, and blesses the bread and wine; having taken his part of the wafers, which is of two or three pounds, because of his dignity, he goes and distributes to the rest, one pound to every grand canon, and half a pound to the rest—this they begin to eat. The archbishop in the mean time takes the cup, or rather it is held to him, while he drinks, for it is so large and so full of wine, that two of the canons can hardly support it. After he hath drank, he sends it round—they do not amuse themselves with taking a little, but drinking in good earnest, the greatest draughts they can: and there are some of these German gentlemen who can drink a quart at a draught—so that the cup, big as it is, must soon be filled anew. The wine must be of the best Rhenish; and the officers of the cathedral have power to go and choose it that day, with great ceremony, in the elector's cellars. While the cup goes round, the musicians strike up their notes, and sing, what the papists call *Improperia*. The company, at first, were modest and cautious, but after the good wine began to display its virtue, they became foolish and riotous; the cup circulates five times. My host owned he had drank so many quarts of wine."

KEEPING SAINTS DAYS.

[*Translated from the French*].

A more recent traveller in Bavaria, gives the following singular description of the German mode of keeping Saints Days among the peasantry in that country.—"Entering an ale-house one day," says he, "filled with the fumes of tobacco, and nearly stunned with the noise of a parcel of drunken fellows, I was no sooner able to see through them, than I discovered an Ecclesiastic, whose habit was as muddy as that of any of his companions, for so they seemed to me; like them also, he had some cards in his hand, upon the playing of which, he made the very table shake under him.—I was at first shocked at the indecent language which the company used indiscriminately to each other, but I soon found this was no more than compliments among them.—Having drank about six pots of beer each of them, they called for brandy to take the rawness from the stomach, which they had scarcely swallowed, before their behaviour sufficiently indicated a quarrelsome disposition—In fine, they soon proceeded to blows, and the endeavours of the priest to pacify them served only to increase their fury: one threw a pot, another a glass, while a third wrenched out the leg of a stool to knock down his adversary; but while every thing seemed to threaten universal destruction, the prayer-bell was suddenly set a ringing; and upon the priest's exclaiming with a loud voice, 'say your prayers!' every one of them laying down his weapons, pulled off their hats and caps and kneeling down, seemed to apply themselves to their devotions with much attention. Yet, these being ended, they became more enraged than before; the

the pots and glasses flew in all directions; the priest got under the table, and the traveller left the room with the utmost precipitation."

Instance of Complete Jockeyship.

About the commencement of this month, a singular horse-race was performed at Sheerness, the bets were laid by some naval gentlemen, that a blind horse did not go the course with a rider who was not to guide the reins with his hands; the opposite party agreed to these restrictions, but the artful jockey cut the reins asunder, and fastened the several parts to his feet in the stirrups, and by that means guided the horse, and won the wager.

Ditto,

[By a *ci-devant* Taylor in a Stage Coach.]

The Stage Coach.

At the stated hour, this said coach left a certain large, commercial town in this kingdom, from whence the proprietors engage to to carry you, *neck-or-nothing*, a great number of miles in a very few hours:—not upon *equal* terms, it must be owned;—for although you may have the *whole* journey performed for a *guinea*, it will cost you *eighteen shillings*, if you have occasion only to travel a *quarter of it*.—This has nothing to do with the *adventure*.—The coach set off at the usual hour. There were *three* passengers *within*, and two *without*. Amongst the former was a gentleman who had "grown fat upon the earth."—*That is to say*, he was very rich, and in good keeping;—and was also very clever in many things;—but he did not know how to *make* a *spencer*. (Did not know how to make a *spencer!* Ha! ha! ha!) His original idea was certainly a good one "It must be done (said he) by cutting off the skirts of a coat."—So far he was *right*; but he had *reckoned without his host*. He did not know that he might be *allowed* to *try* the experiment.

Now it happened that one of the *outside* passengers had placed himself upon the top of the coach; and, after jogging on a few miles, the skirt of his coat had descended so low, that the extreme end of it came in contact with the coach window. This was a sufficient hint to the *inside* passenger, who had still a hankering after "the flesh-pots of Egypt;" still an affection for the *cloth*, which had so nicely *covered* his bones, and *lined* his pockets.—But it had unfortunately happened, that having relinquished his *scissars* at the time he resigned his *yard-wand*, he had nothing better than a knife to perform the operation with, and he had not completed the separation of one of the skirts, when he was detected. As soon as the coach stopped at the next stage, the outside passenger delivered him the mutilated coat, and a bill of parcels, which the *gentleman*, not a little surprized at the act, (and perhaps a little awed by the peremptory firmness with which *payment* was demanded) thought it was the best way to discharge.—There was some *prudence* in this; but not much *wisdom* in what followed. At the time the gentleman *paid* for his *frolic*, a gleam of comfort visited his mind, in the shape of *revenge*; and the moment the coach stopped at the next stage, assuming an air of great consequence, he *ordered* the out-side passenger to go with him to the *Mayor*. This he at first refused; observing, that he was perfectly satisfied; nevertheless, as the gentleman

gentleman had behaved so *handsomely* to him, he had no objections to accompany him. They waited upon the mayor, to whom the *gentleman* made—a sort of—a *speech*, which he intended to be a *complaint*;—but which his worship declared he did not *understand*. "But, pray, (said the mayor) where did this happen?" At such a place. "My jurisdiction (continued he) is limited to this borough. I can take no cognizance of what happened thirty miles off:—It appears that without *intending* it, you have *bought a coat*, and paid the *full value* for it. The best advice I can give you is, to prevail upon your *friend*, if you can, to keep the affair a *secret*: for wherever the story is told, *you will be laughed at*."

A Philosophical *and* Practical Treatise *on* Horses, *and on the* Moral Duties *of* Man *towards the* Brute Creation.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

(Continued from page 73.)

Thankful for the great portion of excellent information derived from Mr. Lawrence's book, we shall leave him for a few pages; in which, though he treats on a subject highly interesting to the public, yet, as not coming immediately under our plan, we shall pass it by, and avail ourselves of his sentiments

ON THE MANEGE.

I Can pretend (says Mr. Lawrence) to no other knowledge of managed horses, than that limited species which is derived from cursory reading, and occasional slight observation. This art may, I think, be divided into the grand and petit manège; the former, or management of the great horse, intended purely for purposes of parade and shew; the latter, confined solely to the *utile* of military tactics.

The grand manège, consists in teaching a horse, already perfectly broke in the common way, certain artificial motions, the chief of which are callled, the *Terra a Terra*, *Demi-volt*, *Corvet*, *Capriole*, *Croupade*, *Balotade*, and the Step and Leap; which last is a motion compounded of three airs, namely, the *Terra a Terra*, *Corvet*, and the Leap, by which the motion is finished. When a horse is perfect in all these, he is styled a full-dressed, or managed horse.

The *petit manège*, is that drilling or training, by which the army-riding-masters fit the horse for military service, in the ranks. The chief objects of it are, to set him upon his haunches, and make him rein well; to give him a cadenced pace; to teach him to rein back, or retreat; to move side-ways, to stand fire, and to leap.—After these, a horse will soon become capable of all the necessary military evolutions. The common business of our town-riding-schools, is to teach grown gentlemen and ladies, and to set ill-broken horses upon their haunches.

It is well known, that the grand manège has been long out of fashion in this country; and farther, that it has for years past been upon the decline in every other. I look upon it as a relict of that superstition in all things, which is the characteristic of barbarous times. It is unnecessary to any good or useful purpose, because all such, whether of parade or business, may be fully answered by the common, rational, and uninjurious management: whereas there is always more or less cruelty practised in completing the full-dressed horse; such, for instance,

instance, as severe whippings, the meaning of which the horse cannot possibly comprehend, and which are therefore unnatural and illegitimate measures; the labour and irritation also, are excessive, and after all, the natural paces of the horse are spoiled, and he is rendered unfit for common business; the only compensation for which is, that he has learned sundry harlequin tricks; two of them are, to skip like a goat, and kick up behind like an ass.

It is vexatious in the extreme, to read the directions of the old Italian writers, for teaching the horse their different manœuvres. Their method of learning him to *yarke*, or kick up behind, (a trick, I should conceive, much more probable to be attended with mischief, than either pleasure or profit) was as follows:—the rider sat spurring and curbing his horse, whilst one or more persons on foot were, with equal wisdom, employed in whipping or beating him behind with rods; and this hopeful discipline was daily repeated, either abroad, or in the stable, until he could *yarke*, forsooth.

I lately saw in a stable-ride, what appeared to me to be a foreign horse, aged and thoroughly managed. He was in the hands of two fellows, one of whom held him by a very sharp and powerful curb, sometimes forcing him to stand still, at others permitting him to canter up and down, while the other whipped him continually with all his force under the flanks and fore-arms, and in all the tenderest parts of his body. To my astonishment, the generous animal, although darting fire from his eyes and nostrils, received all this cruel discipline without the smallest attempt at resistance, and even with a good-natured resignation, which seemed the result of inculcated duty. What would I have given at the instant to see the scoundrels receive five hundred a-piece at the halbert, from the arms of able and willing operators.

The great length of time, which is full three years, before a horse becomes perfectly managed, and the consequent large expence, must necessarily operate with effect against this fashion. There is, moreover, an objection proper to this country. I am assured by professors, that English horses are impatient under the discipline of the grand manège, indeed, insusceptible of being very highly dressed. Not having yet degenerated, but partaking of that freedom of soul which once distinguished Englishmen, they think foul scorn of those unnatural shackles at which feeling, instinct, and reason revolt. Even the brute mind arms and revolts against tyranny, and horses, as well as men, are easiest governed by the plain and gentle methods of common sense and obvious use.

Every military gentleman, I must suppose, has perused with due attention, the excellent and truly practical treatise of my Lord Pembroke upon the breaking and management of horses for military service; there is also another book, lately published, intituled, "Rules and Regulations for the Cavalry, by order," &c. which I just mention, lest it may have escaped the notice or the memory of those interested therein.

With respect to troop-horses, our heavy cavalry are much improved in lightness and activity within the last half century; but a farther improvement in the same line will most probably take place. I have consulted many gentlemen who have seen service, both in the present and former wars, who, after making due allowance for the formidable weight of those heavy

horses,

horses, in the charge, still seem to incline upon the whole to acknowledge the superior utility of more active and speedy cattle. For my part, utterly inexperienced as I am, and as I hope ever shall be in this bloody business, I cannot see how superior activity, and superior ability to carry weight, can possibly be less formidable, in any respect, than mere bulk. But it may be safely averred, that good well-shaped, half-bred horses, would beat the present race of heavy troop-horses, at twenty and five-and-twenty stone, by miles in an hour. They would also get through deep and difficult countries with much more expedition and ease to themselves, than heavy cart-bred cattle, whose own weight and laborious method of progression, must be impediments, increasing in proportion to the badness of the roads. It would not be possible, at present, I well know, to find a sufficient number of that species of horses to which I allude, for the public service; but the case may be altered hereafter, when the heavy black locusts shall have been superseded by a lighter, more active, and more useful race.

[We have to remark, that since the publication of Mr. Lawrence's book, all the horses of the heavy-dragoons, except ing the Royal Horse Guards, and the Blues, have adopted the plan of docking their horses, leaving them nag-tails, the same as the light-horse,—the regiments are likewise conformable to Mr. Lawrence's opinion, getting into the choice of lighter horses.]

Cruelty to Horses.

On Friday, May 29, 1800, as four horses were leading along Piccadilly to a slaughter-house, one of them dropped down, when the brutal wretch who had the care of them, beating the poor animal about the head with a thick stick 'till he excited the resentment of the spectators, and being apprehensive of the consequences, he terminated the creatures existence by plunging a knife into his throat.

The following case of cruelty, was lately proved on oath by Lord Robert Seymour, before the magistrates in Bow-street—

Lord Robert Seymour stated, "that he saw, in Oxford-road, a coachman from his box unmercifully whipping two half-starved and perfectly exhausted horses, which were endeavouring to draw from the channel an empty hackney-coach. The driver, after so treating the horses, got down from his box, and seizing the near or left-hand horse, beat him for a considerable time with the butt-end of his whip; he then proceeded to the right-hand, or off horse, the outer shoulder of which was perfectly raw and excoriated, exposing a sort of pipe-hole in its center, which hole he apprehends had been created by a rowel: the coachman then proceeded to punch repeatedly the raw surface of the shoulder; and deliberately worked the butt end of the whip into the said rowel or pipe-hole."

His Lordship intreated him to desist, reminding him of the utter incapacity on the part of the horses to move. The coachman's reply was, "if he, his Lordship, interfered any further on the part of the horses, he would kill them with a knife he had in his pocket."

It is much to be wished, that a law could be passed to protect horses and other animals from such diabolical wretches.

CRUELTY AND NEGLECT OF HORSES, JUSTLY PUNISHED.

A short time since, when the husbandman of a gentleman in Devonshire, who had the feeding of six or eight working horses, was requested, by an under servant, to let him have corn for the horses in the morning, before he set out on his ordinary business,—which was partly to survey the grounds, and partly to *moisten his clay* with any good fellow he happened to meet with.—This, Mr. Husbandman refused; because it was too *early* to feed them, and he should return in half an hour.—It happened, however, that falling in with a jolly companion, they endeavoured to forget the prevailing *scarcity*, and he *reeled* home about ten o'clock at night, not in the least affected with the long *fast* the poor horses had been compelled to submit to.—The gentleman being soon after made acquainted with the circumstance, locked up his husbandman,—let him have the opportunity to experience the *sweets* of twenty-four hours fasting,—and then discharged him

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Take the liberty to correct a mistake made by your correspondent, who signs himself *A poor Northumbrian*, (see last Mag. page 80) in his remarks on the hatching of cuckoos. That he is perfectly accurate in his statement of the facts that came under his observation, I have not the least reason to doubt; but his error proceeds from his having mistaken the fern-owl or goat-sucker (*caprimulgus Europæus* of Linnæus) for the cuckoo. This bird (the fern-owl) when on the wing especially, bears some resemblance to the cuckoo; and I can readily conceive, a person might mistake the one for the other; but in its habits and general character it differs very materially. For a full description of this bird, I refer your correspondent to the British Zoology of the late ingenious Thomas Pennant, Esq.

A fondness for the study of nature has induced me, since Mr. Jenner published his observations, to pay attention to the natural history of the cuckoo in particular, in order to be the more fully convinced of the very curious facts related by Mr. Jenner in his history of that most singular bird. The result of my enquiries has been highly satisfactory, in affording me several opportunities of being an eye-witness to the cuckoo's depositing her egg in the nest of the hedge-sparrow, and the young cuckoo's dislodging the young sparrow's; and if *A poor Northumbrian* will be attentive in his future observations, he may convince himself of his present error, and of the truth of my assertions. I remain your's, &c. W. D.

NEW PATENT TO MR. EDWARD COLEMAN, FOR AN ARTIFICIAL FROG.

A Patent was granted to Mr. Edward Coleman, (professor at the Veterinary College), for an artificial Frog, which being applied to the natural frog of horses' feet, will effectually prevent contracted hoofs, thrushes, and canker.

This frog may be made of any tough and hard material, such as wood, horn, or leather; but, in general, iron is preferable. In order to fix and remove the artificial frog with ease, the toe of the iron frog extends under the toe of the shoe, which prevents the frog from slipping forwards; and to prevent its moving

moving backwards or sideways, a steel spring is fitted into an irregular groove in the iron frog, and fixed under the heels of the shoe. To give greater steadiness to this application, a leather strap passes through a hole in the heel of the frog, and buckles round the hoof.

Observations.—In the whole of the art of farriery, there is no subject of more importance than the diseases of the foot, and the method of shoeing the best calculated for the ease and security of the animal. It was formerly the custom almost universally, and is still so in many parts, to cut away a great part of the crown of the hoof, the frog, and bars; and to apply a very thick heavy shoe in order to render the hoof broader and handsomer, and the tread of the horse more secure. But the contrary effect produced by this injudicious method, has been fully pointed out by Clark of Edinburgh, Coleman, and others: for, by cutting away the frog, which is the natural support to the center of the hoof, weakening the bars, and using high-heeled shoes, the whole weight of the animal is thrown on the anterior edge or crown of the hoof, which often thereby becomes inflamed, and forms very troublesome sores, difficult to cure. The frog likewise being kept off the ground loses its natural firmness of texture, especially when the animal is kept standing on litter in hot stables, and becomes soft, spongy, very prone to ulceration; and thus, running thrushes, cankers, and other sores of the foot, are produced, by which many fine horses are irretrievably spoiled for the saddle. To remedy this inconvenience, and to keep a proper pressure on the center of the hoof where the frog has been injured, the contrivance of the patentee is offered to the public, and certainly it is a subject that merits attention from all those who are concerned in this noble animal.

Candid strictures on Mr. Coleman's invention, shall have due consideration, and find a place in the Sporting Magazine.

English Horse Races, *and other* Sports.

[Described by a French Author.]

THE Book, entituled "The Tour to London, or New Observations upon England," by Monsieur Grossley is, perhaps, the most entertaining of any extant upon a similar subject. The following is a faithful extract—

"Cock-fighting and horse-races," says he, "are carried to a pitch of madness, by waging great sums of money; many persons of fortune ruin themselves by these pleasures, of which, I had a specimen at Epsom, where a considerable number of the inhabitants of London, and all the neighbouring gentry were assembled on the occasion.—I saw with the utmost astonishment, how greatly the spectators of all ranks seemed to interest themselves in cock-fights, which after all, are no more than childrens play.

"Horse-races are more interesting to men; and especially to men, who, like the English, have a great fondness for these animals, study their constitutions, and, in a manner live with them. The taste for horse-races made ancient Greece illustrious: it was one of the chief subjects handled by their greatest poets: it made a capital article in those festivals, that contributed to give that superiority of knowledge and valour to Greece, by

by which it was so long distinguished from the rest of Europe.

"The course at Epsom is in the midst of downs, intersected by three hills in parallel lines: in the vales between these hills, the champions entered the list. Several of the spectators came in coaches, which, without the least bustle or dispute about precedency, were arranged in three or four lines, on the first of those hills: and, on the top of all, was a scaffolding for the judges, who were to decree the prize. This scaffolding was the goal, which bounded the race; and the starting-post was at the head of the outer vale of the second hill: four horses, starting from thence, ran in this vale about the length of a mile, turned round by the next hill, to the height of the starting-post, and, at length, reached the hill, on which stands the scaffolding; where he, that came in first, was declared the victor. The prize is not adjudged till after three heats; and to him only, who has won two out of three: if he be so successful as to win the two first, the third is dispensed with, which was what happened at the race, where I was a spectator.

"There are neither lists nor barriers at these races: the horses run in the midst of the crowd, who leaves only a space sufficient for them to pass through; at the same time, encouraging them by gestures and loud shouts. The victor, when he has arrived at the goal, finds it a difficult matter to disengage himself from the crowd, who congratulate, caress, and embrace him, with an effusion of heart, which it is not easy to form an idea of, without having seen it.

"The deference to the victors is not confined to these transient homages. All the houses of country gentlemen, all the inns, are lined with pictures of horses, painted or engraved, in various attitudes of strength or agility, with an account of the victories they have won, their names, those of the jockeys by whom they were trained; in fine, those of the noblemen to whom they belong, and from whom they met with all the care and tender treatment, that favourite children can expect from a parent.

"So great was the crowd, which covered the place where the horses ran, that I could not see them, except, upon the ridge of the second hill. They kept upon the full stretch, without rising or darting forward; and appeared to me to resemble wooden horses, that had been fixed in full stretch, upon the rim of a great horizontal circle, moving round upon its axis, with the utmost rapidity imaginable.

"These race-horses resembling, in this respect, many persons of merit, do not shew their worth by their outward appearance; they are quite gaunt and meagre; and the aukward manner of stretching out their necks deprives them of all their beauty, the principal of which, in a horse is, to hold its head in a graceful attitude.

"This breed of horses furnishes the English racers, so highly esteemed. The preservation and multiplication of them is owing to laws, enacted by Henry VIII; and to prizes, established in different parts of England, for the victors at races: in short, this breed of horses is the same thing, with respect to that species of animals, as gladiators were, with regard to the human species, amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans.

"These races are not like those of Barbary horses at Rome, and in other cities of Italy. Each race-horse is rid by a jockey, who is, generally speaking, only a common groom,

groom, that has not the least share in the honour of the victory: this is divided between the horse and the owner. The horses are sometimes mounted at races by noblemen, who are willing to run the risk. They are less exposed to the danger of falling, bruising themselves, or dislocating a limb, as happened to a young nobleman at his first race at Newmarket, than to be deprived of respiration, by the velocity of the motion. In order to cut the air, the groom, who is almost totally inclined upon the neck of the horse, holds the handle of the whip fixed before him, or shakes it before his mouth.

"Before the race begins, the jockey, the saddle, and whole furniture of the horse, are weighed in presence of the judges; and care is taken, that all the horses, admitted to run, be equally loaden.

"Victory is often due to the knowledge, which the jockey has of his horse; and to the direction, which he gives him, by spurring him forward, or managing him properly. In the two heats, which decided the prize at Epsom, the horse, which first reached the goal, was outstripped when I saw him upon the eminence.

"The English in general have a degree of friendship and affection for horses, which few men shew even to their own species. They seldom or never strike them; and the long switch, which coachmen and carmen carry in their hands, is rather to direct them by signs than by blows: they seldom even speak to them, except with a gentle and affectionate tone of voice.

"The horses of gentlemen of fortune, both in town and country, generally speaking, die in the stable, where they were born: they are treated like old friends, who, when advanced in years, are taken care of, in consideration for past services. There are few, seldom any, but good horses to be seen in London: even the hackney coachmen have tolerable good cattle. But it is the operation of shoeing them, especially in the country, that the care taken of these animals most eminently displays itself. A farmer goes with his horse to a farrier, ties it lengthwise to a ring, caresses it, takes off his coat, puts it upon the head of the beast, in such a manner as to cover its eyes, and, holding it by the head, continues to talk to it, and caress it, as long as the operation lasts. The farrier shews as much tenderness for the beast as his master; he soothes the horse, speaks to him, lifts his foot gently from the ground; and, after having given the leg and thigh a motion of rotation, which made me think, at first, that he was going to set a dislocated limb, he held the foot with one hand, and, without the least emotion, performed the operation with the other. This tender treatment renders horses both tractable and friends to men: the ardour and fire, with which they are animated, do not in the least diminish their gentleness of temper. During the session of parliament, I saw, with pleasure, in Westminster, amidst a number of the finest horses in England, crowds of children playing with the dumb animals, and the latter returning their caresses, to the great satisfaction of the coachmen. During the long sittings of the house, they are seen diverting themselves, pawing the ground, as if they wanted to gather up something, and performing this motion with all the slyness and nimbleness of a cat.

"The shops of farriers are not known in England by the travise, which gives so much torture to unruly horses: the gentleness of those of England renders this unnecessary.

sary. None are tied up within the shop, but those that make a difficulty to submit to the operation.

"The tenderness of the English for their horses does not prevent them from making them work hard: the little, and sometimes the great gallop, is their favourite and most usual pace. I have, with astonishment, seen horses, that galloped in this manner, stopped in the middle of a journey by their riders, at every place where there was water to drink: rivers, streams, fountains; all are alike to them. In places where water is scarce, the want of it is supplied by great troughs, which publicans keep at their doors: there the riders stop; and, when the horses have drunk, pay their reckoning. The same conduct is observed, even with regard to post-horses. When they are come to their journey's end, covered all over with sweat, they go to a brook to quench their thirst, if there be one near them; or drink out of great troughs, which are always kept full on their account. The English affirm, that this in part restores their exhausted powers; and none of those inconveniencies happen, which are so much dreaded in other countries.

"In a word, when we consider the manner, in which the English treat their horses, and in which they live with them, if I may be allowed the expression, one would be inclined to think, that they had travelled with Gulliver to the country of the Houyhnhms; and that they had brought from thence all those sentiments of esteem and affection, which Gulliver entertained for those *gentlemen*. Dr. Swift was under no necessity to leave Ireland, to go in quest of the country of the Houynhnms, if what we are told by the author of *Les Delices de la Grand Bretagne* be true, "That such of the Irish, as are still in the state of pure nature, are so fond of their horses, that, when any one mentions them, they would always have him add, God preserve them; or spit upon them, if they happen to be present: as they have a notion, that otherwise they will be seized with some disorder. They are likewise of opinion, that the way to preserve their life and health is, not to suffer their neighbours to come to their houses for fire."

"Though the English are so fond of horses, they have not the least tenderness for asses. It is customary with them to deprive these animals of the chief ornament, which they have received from nature: they cut off their ears close to their heads, which gives them the oddest and most ludicrous appearance imaginable. A worthy clergyman preached to no purpose in his village against this practice. He mustered up all the arguments, that had been made use of against the practice of masquerades, which were then tolerated in England; and he had demonstrated, that it was not lawful for man to alter and disfigure the work of God.

"The English are as fond of riding as the Italians are of music. It rouses them, it prevents, suspends, and removes the effects of melancholy upon the constitution: it is an habitual want, and a necessary remedy. They chiefly have recourse to this remedy by hunting.

"When they are upon the chase, they ride across inclosed grounds, intersected and fenced by ditches: horses leap these ditches, where they are lowest; in case they happen to be equally high throughout the whole extent of an inclosure, they approach the entrance, which is shut by a bar-gate, or moving-frame five feet long, and at least four feet high: all the huntsmen leap it in a file, and sometimes two

in

in a breast. The English ladies, who are great huntresses, for some of the reasons which I have laid before the reader, leap over this frame likewise, though they sit sideways upon their horses. This manner of riding they find highly commodious, deriving it from Anne of Luxembourg, consort to king Richard the Second, whose example caused it to be introduced as the most decent manner of riding for women: thus mounted, they travel long journeys, upon a smart trot.

"Coaches produce, upon the pavement of London, the effect of a hard trot: this is the rudest shaking, which mechanism can invent. The pavement is so bad; the horses run with such impetuosity, where they meet with no embarrassment or obstacle; and carriages drag on so heavily, where the passages are obstructed, that the best coach makes as rumbling a noise as the heavy carts which butchers boys drive about the streets of Paris. Even in walking, the English exert themselves with much the same violence, whether it be in the street, or in a garden."

(To be continued.)

The MAN *with a* BLACK BEARD, *a* SINGULAR CHARACTER.

THE man with a *black beard*, who has been lately noticed in this and other papers, as bestowing money in great profusion at Witney, Reading, &c. &c. is a native and inhabitant of King's Cliffe, in the county of Northampton. His name is *Dakin*, or *Deacon*, and his occupation a pedlar in wooden ware, the manufacturing of which is the chief employment of the labouring poor in that parish, which being situate on the confines of Rockingham Forest, its inhabitants have an opportunity of obtaining the raw materials at an easy rate. — Dakin's motto is — "*Buy cheap and sell dear.*" And by advancing money to the poor people beforehand, and then buying at his own price, and afterwards hawking the goods about the kingdom, he and a sister of his have saved a considerable property.

This sister lately died, and left him about two thousand pounds in hard cash; and it is supposed that this sudden accession of fortune has had a violent effect on his mind, which before was not of the most rational cast; for he has been in the habit for many years of fancying himself a Jew, and to be the real Messiah; and hence the singularity of his beard, and his attention to the wants of the poor, whom however he treated, before his last departure from Cliffe, with so much eccentricity, that they were in a great measure deterred at last from making application. To some he gave five or ten guineas a-piece; to others, five shillings or half-a-guinea; to others nothing; and some he beat severely with a cudgel for troubling him with their petitions.

The woman who now accompanies him is another man's wife, with whom and a boy he quitted Cliffe a few months ago, and took with him three asses, laden with wooden ware.—He has a landed estate in Cliffe, which he has left entirely uncultivated.—The writer of the above article adds, as the poor man may probably live to want the means of subsistance, it would be an act of charity, if some Magistrate were to interpose, and send him back to his habitation, before his money is all lavished away. On our part, though we hope the man will never come to want, yet we trust the *mad fit* of doing good will continue a lit-

tle longer, for the sake of the poor.

When this man was giving away money to the poor of Henley, the clergyman of a neighbouring village told him of the distress of some of his poor parishioners, hinted at the same time how much good he would do by visiting them, and administering to their wants.—"By no means," said the man of charity, "I cannot think of depriving you of the *satisfaction* of doing that yourself."

Boxing Match at Lloyd's Coffee-House:

Took place on his Majesty's Birth-day, between Mr. W—r and Mr. L—n.

THE Combatants differed about the insurance of a ship, when the latter gave the former something like the *lie*; on which Mr. W—r retorted by a bye blow on that prominent feature of the face called the *nose!* Mr. L—n returned the compliment with great rapidity, when a ring was formed, and a regular *set-to* commenced. Victory was for some time doubtful, the blows on both sides having been put in with great vigour and effect. Some gentlemen, however, actuated by humanity, and ashamed of such a barbarous *spectacle* in so respectable an assemblage, separated the *Mercantile Buffers*, who had beaten each other most unmercifully for upwards of five minutes. Should a *Gazette Extraordinary* be published of this action, it will be found, that Mr. W—r has lost a *tooth*, and that Mr. L—n has got a *black eye!!!*

Private Masquerade.

THE humour and naivette, with which these characters are traced out, is our principal motive for preserving an account of Mrs. Walker's Masqued Ball in the Sporting Magazine. As we are by no means servile imitators of the newspapers, we have the more aversion against copying their columns, lately crowded with accounts of a Rout at Mrs. Such-a-one's, Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her's Gala—and Madam Thing-a-my's Ball: a practice, which giving a false consequence to many, instead of innocent mirth, may tend to promote that baneful luxury, which must end in sorrow: yet, as there is an exception in the present instance, our readers are informed, that on the evening of Monday, May 26, Mrs. Walker opened her house, the corner of Stanhope-street, for the reception of masks.

About eleven o'clock the company began to assemble, and were received at the entrance by a band of musicians, dressed in the *costume* of the night, who played several charming airs. After a strict and necessarily minute examination of the tickets, the masks were conducted up stairs, the ballustrades of which were concealed by foliage and flowers, into a suite of apartments decorated with every ornament that the most exquisite fancy could imagine. The floors, both above and below were all chalked in various devices, and from the cornices were suspended wreaths of flowers, interspersed with variegated lamps.

The characters were almost, without exception, admirably well dressed, and many were supported with great ability and success. The fancy-dresses of the ladies were distinguished for their elegance, as well as a profusion of pearls and jewels, which was doubtless intended as a compliment to their amiable hostess; and when they unmasked towards three o'clock in the morning, there was a display of beauty never exceeded in any assembly.

assembly. The Prince of Wales wore a grey silk domino, with a deep lace fringed cape, and accompanied during the whole of the evening Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was in a blue dress of the same kind. Mrs. Walker wore a black lace cloak over her habit, and her hair covered with an elegant netting of gold. Her pleasantry and good humour easily discovered her, as well as her attentions to her company, and her inquisitiveness to discover them.—Six hundred visitors attended.

The Dancing began at eleven, and was opened by

Lord Milsington and the Countess of Mexborough; Mr. Shirley and Lady Georgina Gordon; Lord Brook and Miss Maxwell.

The first dance was the favourite "*De'll among the Taylor's!*" and the ball concluded about five with the medley of "*Cameron's got his Wife again.*" The band, which consisted of twenty-five musical instruments, was under the able direction of Gow, and emitted the most exhilirating strains.

About four o'clock, a cold collation was served in four different supper-rooms below stairs, from which the company did not retire till six. The *Masqueraders* exerted themselves with the happiest effect; and characteristic repartee kept the company in a flow of good-humour till the late hour of departure.

Colonel O'Kelly represented an *Old Soldier* as a candidate for Chel sea Hospital. His dress was quite in character, and he "shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won, with much effect;" he also mounted guard at one of the supper-rooms, and stood sentinel till every straggler had departed.

Lady Shuldam personated a *Spinning Girl*, dressed with much taste and simplicity.

Lady E. Palk and the Countess of Besborough characterized *Nuns*, and appeared lovely enough to warm the breast of an Anchoret. Lady Palk was dressed in the robes, beads, cross, &c. of the Princess Elizabeth of France.

Lady Robert Fitzgerald did great justice to the part of a *Grecian Girl*.

Lord R. Fitzgerald, though a *Jew*, paid his respects to the *ham* with a very good grace.

Lady L Manners entered into the pertness of a *Fille de Chambre* very happily.

Mrs. Drummond Smith looked so very lovely as a *Quaker*, that we fear the emotions she excited were not purely *spiritual*.

Lord Milsington, as *Jemmy Jumps*, *took measure* of the ladies with much apparent satisfaction.

Mr. Newbolt and Mr. Morse, though they wished to be *Clowns*, could not shake off the appearance of *Gentlemen*.

Lady Campbell, as the chaste *Diana*, shone with the most fascinating radiance.

Mrs. Arthur Stanhope sported a character, which we believed forgot in the tonish circles, an *Old Woman*.

General Tarleton, as a *Fisherman*, angled for the *Gudgeons* most patiently, and met with a *bite* several times in the course of the evening.

Several other characters were admirably personated, though a Bond-street lounger acquitted himself rather poorly as a *Sailor*; and a *Watchman* made so much noise with his tongue, that his rattle was useless. Mr. Walker, as a *House-Maid*, appeared by no means anxious for his company to *brush off*.

A *Jean Debry* was admirably stuffed, quilted, and puckered about the collar and sleeves, while the skirts of his coat were cut away

 with

with great economy and taste. We heard it was Mr. Sk-ff-gt-n, but think it was a *mistake*.

The Marquis of Lorne wore a Highland dress, and Lord Holland a Spanish hat. A *Bad Poet* was very satirical upon one of his fraternity, whose portrait he had converted into a caricature mask, and whose verses he recited with a great deal of humour. He said he was writing Odes to *Boëtes*, and a panegyric upon the *Great Bear*.

We were not able to discover the owner of a large cocked-hat and two faces. This *Janus* gave the company no peace.

There were regiments of *Jews*, with their old cloaths-bags and pedlar-boxes. One might have thought one's self in Duke's-place, from their dialect and their pertinacity. *Catawba-Indians*, *Peruvians*, *Virgins of the Sun*, *Widows of Malabar*, *Lucretias*, and *Cleopatras*, were the mob of the night. The Duchess of G—n, with her daughters, and Miss F-rd-e, formed a groupe of *Pilgrims*, but were scarcely distinguishable among the *Caravans* performing the same pious journey.

Mr. Sheridan, jun. and another gentleman, were very happy as a couple of *Country Bumpkins* out of place. They offered their services to Jews, Friars, and *Vestals*; and, we believe, found employment at LAST.

To conclude—to the *frequency*, the *publicity* and *effect* of these private amusements, a standing objection is presented in the too strong contrast, obtruded by the absolute famine among the lower orders. This is the more to be lamented since even the *Quaker-made* soup, though as poor and meagre as their own souls, is no longer to be had in the metropolis.—In fine, the upper ranks seem to have changed the ancient and solid hospitality of Old England, for the frivolity and dissipation of France, which preceded the late Revolution.

REPORT OF A TRIAL FOR SEIZING PIGEONS, SPORTING DOGS, &c. FOR RENT;

In the Court of King's Bench, May 30.

BISHOP *v.* VALE.

MR. Gibbs said, this action was brought by the plaintiff, who was a dealer in all sorts of curious birds, &c. against the defendant, who was his landlord, under the following circumstances—The plaintiff being in arrear of one quarter's rent, the landlord distrained all his live-stock, which only sold for 10l. 12s. which was no more than sufficient to satisfy the quarter's rent and the broker for his trouble, whereas it was asserted, on the part of the plaintiff, that these birds and other animals, which were distrained and sold, were worth 64l. 10s. The charge therefore against the defendant was, that having distrained these goods for rent, he did not sell them for the best price which he could get, which were the words of the statute. There were upwards of 200 curious pigeons, 17 dogs, all of which, except one terrier, were sporting dogs—there were also some turkies, and a number of game-cocks and hens, &c. The landlord brought a man with an appraiser at night, between the hours of nine and eleven, when all this property was assigned to a Mr. Brooks, who is also a dealer in birds, for the exact amount of the rent, and the costs of the distress. These pigeons were appraised by people who were entirely ignorant of their value. They were only valued at 6d. a piece, whereas

they

they were worth five or six shillings to a pigeon-fancier. And the statute which enabled the landlord to sell at all said, he should sell the goods at the best price that could be got for them. Suppose the plaintiff, instead of being a dealer in birds had been a jeweller, and his shew box had been distrained, and that a couple of butchers had been sent to value his diamond rings, he wished to know whether the requisitions of the statute would have been complied with? If these birds had been appraised by those who knew any thing of their value, the plaintiff would have received ten times the amount of what they sold for. He said he did not deal much in that article himself, and did not pretend to have much knowledge on the subject, but he knew that some very slight circumstances, that would escape his lordship's observation or his own in the plumage, did constitute the price and value of such birds in the eyes of pigeon-fanciers. When pigeons were purchased for the purpose of making pigeon-pies, it was of no consequence what their plumage was, but it was perfectly well known that pigeons of a certain appearance would bring a certain price. Here the learned Counsel stated the different sorts of pigeons, owls, nuns, almond tumblers, and jacobins. He said the almond-tumblers were extremely valuable, and had been sold sometimes for twenty guineas a pair.

The learned counsel was here asked what the price of jacobins was. He replied they were now very low. They were formerly very valuable in the market, but they had now greatly fallen, and the rest had risen in proportion. Mr. Brooks had had a large stock of old jacobins on his hands, and as they were so unmarketable, and the price of provisions so high, he was obliged to let them fly away to be shot at. The learned counsel next commented with great abilities on the dogs, turkies, game-cocks, &c. which constituted this live stock.

The first witness called on the part of the plaintiff was his own daughter, and after she had gone through a part of her examination, it was agreed that a juror should be withdrawn, in consequence of which each of the parties must pay his own costs.

Lord Kenyon said, it was a very good end of the cause.

Report of a Trial for Crim. Con.

In the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Saturday, May 31.

TAYLOR, *v.* THE REV. MR. BURWOOD.

THIS was an action to recover a compensation in damages for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The plaintiff resides at Totnes, in the county of Devon. The defendant is curate of a village in the neighbourhood. The damages were laid at *Ten Thousand Pounds.*

By the evidence of the plaintiff's servants, it appeared that the defendant was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Taylor during their master's absence; that he used to call and enquire if Mr. T. was at home. If he happened to be at home, the defendant would then retire, and come again when Mr. T. was gone out; this creating a suspicion in the servants breasts, they watched Mr. B. and observed him in an improper situation, in the drawing-room, with Mrs. T. At another time, one of the servants saw Mr.

B. and Mrs. T. go into the stable; and having occasion to look after a colt, he went to the door, but found it fastened on the inside; presently Mr. B. came down, and said, "Your mistress and I have been into the loft to look at the *apples*." At another time, they were observed to go into a bed-room in a part of the house that was repairing. The servant who saw them, had been in the room a few minutes before, and observed the bed had been just made. On their retiring, he had the curiosity to look, and found it much tumbled as if persons had been lying upon it; he swore no other person had been in the room. In consequence of these transactions, Mr. T. was made acquainted with them: he had immediately separated himself from her bed, and they had ceased to live together. They were married in the year 1792; at that time Mr. T. was 21 years of age, and the lady 22. It was proved to be a marriage of mutual affection, and that Mr. T. had behaved with the fondest attention to Mrs. T. Her ill conduct had such an effect upon his mind, as to render him totally unfit for business.

Mr. Law, counsel for the defendant said, the crime of, which the defendant was accused, (for it had been promulgated as a crime by the laws of God) was to be alone ascribed to the damnable doctrine which French principles and French education inculcated; the lady had received her education in France, and the ladies of that country thought that not a crime which the breast of an English female would shudder at: his client was a young man just entering into life, dependant on his father, and his sole inheritance a small curacy in the county of Devon; he hoped the jury, by their verdict, would not ruin him for ever. If they gave heavy damages, that must certainly be the case.

Lord Kenyon said, that vices of this kind would no longer be considered as offences, if justice was not properly administered; he reprobated the dissemination of French principles, which taught the doctrine that there is no God, no hereafter, and that death is a perpetual sleep. He wished our young men would attend to the wholesome lessons which are read in Courts of Justice; more was to be learnt there, than in Newmarket, in Bond-street, or common brothels; he hoped the legislature would inflict heavy penalties on transgressions of this kind. It must be the wish of every serious man that such vices were put an end to. The defendant was the bosom friend of the plaintiff, the intimate, the early friend, and he had wronged and injured him beyond all reparation. He was happy in administering justice, if he could enforce the Laws of Religion and Morality. He said where much less had been proved, juries had given heavy damages. He hoped the jury would, by their verdict, hold out a lesson to youth of the present age, and those to come, that they should not with impunity trample on the dearest rights of civilized society.

The jury consulted a few minutes, and found a verdict for the plaintiff.—*Damages, Five Hundred Pounds.*

Downfal of Hawkins and Underwood, the Dashing Swindlers.

On Saturday, May 31, came on at the General Quarter Sessions for the county of Middlesex, the trial of Thomas James Hawkins,

Hawkins, alias Henry Hawkins, and his brother John Edw. Underwood, alias Hawkins, for cheating Mrs. Mary Marner of rings, watches, her household furniture, &c. under false pretences. The story has already been fully detailed in our Magazine for March last, page 290, Vol. XV.—Hawkins accosted Mrs. Marner in the streets; and by representing himself to be the son of a General Hawkins, and a man of fortune, persuaded her he would take her into keeping, would take her with him to Scotland, &c.—When with Mrs. Marner in the streets, he pretended to know every genteel carriage they met, and wished particularly to avoid going through Parliament-street with her, as his friends, the Officers in the Guards, would *quiz* him. He carried on this imposture a considerable time, and was assisted by his brother.—Hawkins wished her to send for some linen and other articles from Chelsea, for which purpose he wrote a note signed with her name, but unknown to her; it particularly mentioned plate. This, the Court observed, amounted to forgery. The articles sent for came to the prisoner's chambers, in Clifford's Inn, where she slept on that night.

In the morning following she had a slight opportunity of questioning the laundress concerning the prisoner, but was immediately interrupted. She then began to entertain some suspicions concerning his respectability; to obviate which, he proposed to go with her to the Bank of England, and convince her he was a man of fortune; Underwood went with them. Hawkins pretended to be particularly fearful of being seen by his father, who would naturally suppose he was going to sell out stock. To carry on the farce, Hawkins's name was twice called over by the man in the red cloak, and a stock receipt shewed her by Underwood for 9000l. in the name of Hawkins. On Wednesday morning Mrs. Marner returned home to her own house from Hawkins's chambers. She had been cajoled into giving a bill of sale on her goods, and now found her house stripped and deserted, though she had never received a shilling for the furniture, nor had she finally assented to its being sold, as she thought. It now occurred that she had acted very imprudently, and she resolved to consult a friend, which she did. This coming to the knowledge of Hawkins, he abused her very much, and asked her, if she was cheated, what redress a poor creature like her could find in a Court of Justice?—After this she seized a favourable opportunity and ran away from him.

The prisoners were then called on for their defence. Having no Counsel, Underwood began by endeavouring to invalidate the indictment, insinuating that it might be laid in a wrong name, as the prosecutrix had borne several. The Counsel informed him, that in the indictment were three counts, which took in all her possible names. The prisoner then waved this objection, and set another, that the venue was wrongly laid in Middlesex, whereas the goods were delivered in the city of London. This objection was also over-ruled, as part of the prosecutrix's property had been obtained from her in Saville-row, which is in Middlesex. He then proceeded, by means of vitiating her character, to invalidate her testimony, but was interrupted by the Court, who thought his questions in general irrevalent.

Several witnesses were called, who corroborated the testimony of the prosecutrix, by specifying particular parts of the property, which

came

came into their hands through the medium of the prisoners.

Underwood now read his defence from a paper, and commented on it occasionally. He stated, that his father was a gentleman by birth and education; but that having been reduced by unforeseen misfortunes, he was obliged to provide for his children in the best manner suited to his circumstances. That he (Underwood) was articled to Mr. Bolton, an eminent attorney, in January, 1792. That he served his clerkship to the satisfaction of that gentleman, with whom he continued till his death, which happened in 1798. As his (Underwood's) connections were few, he thought it best to turn his attention to some other mode of life.—The army was the first that presented itself, and as he had some friends in that line, he consulted them. One of them, high in his profession, promised to procure him an ensigncy, but some circumstances thwarted his intentions. In consequence of which, he strove to procure an honest livelihood as an attorney's clerk. He complained bitterly of the gross fabrications and misrepresentations of his own and his brother's character in the public prints, and trusted that the Jury would pay little attention to the oath of the prosecutrix, under all the circumstances which they had heard of her character.—Hawkins, in his defence, only said, "I never represented myself to be a gentleman, and that *he hoped the Jury would throw the prosecutrix on her back!*"

Mr. Barrow was called for the prisoners. He said he knew Underwood during his clerkship to Mr. Bolton, an attorney; and that his honesty was never suspected, but that he was always considered a coxcomb.

Mr. De Burg knew the prisoner's father; his name was Hawkins—a very honest man. The witness had so great an esteem for the family, that he recommended the prisoner, Underwood, to Mr. Bolton, with whom he served his time.

Mr. Mainwaring summed up the evidence.

The Jury retired, and in the course of ten minutes found both *Guilty*. Sentence was immediately passed on them—*Transportation for seven years*.—They were taken to Newgate, and walked through the streets handcuffed together.

Singular Instance of Instinct.

The late Marquis of Granby's horse, and the longevity and fate of this animal, has reached France:—One of the horses formerly belonging to this hero, in Germany, says a Paris paper, is now the property of a farmer, near Brighthelmstone. Being sixteen years of age, at the conclusion of the seven years war, the Marquis, in consideration of his age and services, suffered him to range at ease in his park, where he passed another sixteen years, and upon the death of his noble owner, he was actually sold to his present proprietor, who keeps him at work, though he is now more than forty-six years of age. He is surprizingly well in health, has a good appetite, is sound in his legs, and has good teeth, though very long.

While we are upon the subject of military horses, we beg leave to mention another circumstance which has come to our knowledge.—Soon after 1745, a troop of cavalry, commanded by Sir Robert Clayton, was disbanded in the city of York. But as Sir Robert could not bear the idea of selling the dumb companions of his perils in Germany to become butchers hacks, and the like, he absolutely purchased a

piece

piece of ground upon Knavesmire Heath, upon which it was his desire these old horses should remain for life. It was upon this spot that they were seen by the gentleman who communicated this article.— A thunder-storm coming on at the same time, he was also a witness of the surprizing power of instinct in these noble animals. They were grazing promiscuously, when the first flashes of lightning made their appearance, and the distant thunder began to roll—but as if they supposed these appearances to be the signal of an approaching battle, they were very soon collected, and without the least assistance of any intelligent being, formed into a line, almost as complete, as if they had been managed by their respective riders.

A POACHING MISER.

Chester, May 30, 1800.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following Anecdote you may rely upon as authentic.

VENATOR.

IN the year 1789, died at his apartments at Hoxton, a Mr. W. Harrom, remarkable for singular conduct, good fortune, and penurious disposition He used to boast that he had saved 10l. given occasionally for pocket-money, before he was 12 years of age; and, when at a great school in the city, increased it, by saving a halfpenny out of every penny given him every morning to purchase his breakfast. He afterwards engaged in the watch-making employ, and when in the last year of his apprenticeship, had an eighth part of a 10,000l. prize in the lottery. He became possessed of a considerable property by the death of a person in the West-Indies, who willed it to the first claimant of the same name as the testator.

The apartments which he occupied for several years previous to his decease, no person was admitted into to clean them, or upon any other purpose, though two of his relations lived in the same house.

When in the meridian of life, he frequently visited the manors most abounding with game, within thirty miles of the metropolis, where, from his knowledge of the arts of poaching, which he, from extreme attention, *(for the sake of making money)* was a complete adept in: he killed an astonishing quantity of game, which were disposed of, when he returned from his depredations, to the utmost pecuniary advantage.

The principal part of his property, amounting to near 32,000l. he willed to a very distant relative, (a boy, who occasionally accompanied him to secure the game he had snared) with this proviso, to take particular care of a favourite old lurcher which always followed him.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A STRANGE CASE OF CONSCIENCE, AND POINT OF HONOUR IN A MURDERER.

A Chief was hired by a nobleman unknown to him, to dispatch a man whom he should find at a certain place, at a certain hour, in a well-described dress. The chief of the banditti takes the bounty, and pledges his word to perform the business. A few hours after, he receives the same command from this victim, marked out for destruction to kill his enemy,

my, who was no other than the unknown nobleman!—he describes his dress, &c. without telling his name, and the unsuspecting chief, pledges his honour to the performance.—The night comes; the murderer meets the latter customer, and stabs him: he then lies wait for the other, and on his approach, finds that his other employer is the destined victim! He informs him as concisely as possible of the performance of the business he had put him upon, but tells him at the same time, that his murdered enemy had given him the same orders to execute upon him also: he expresses his sorrow for the accident, and pleads his ignorance which had occasioned the mistake. The nobleman, it seems, did not understand his apologies, till he heard this thrilling conclusion—"Now, Sir, though your enemy, who has hired me is dead, and cannot chide me if I were to let you live; yet, as I have received his money, and pledged my honour to acquit myself faithfully of the trust he reposed in me, I shall act as punctually for him as I have done for you!"—and so saying, he immediately plunged his dagger in the heart of the unfortunate gentleman! C. S.

Review of the Volunteers in Hyde Park.

As every public spectacle naturally comes within our plan, we cannot omit an account of one of the finest sights ever exhibited. At six o'clock all the Volunteer corps of the metropolis, and its immediate vicinity, to the number of 12,000, were under arms, and assembled in the field about eight.—Notwithstanding the immense crowd of spectators and their impatient curiosity, the ground was most excellently kept by the City Light Horse, the London, Westminster, and Surrey Cavalry, who shewed the greatest solicitude for the convenience and accommodation of the people, at the same time that they faithfully discharged their duty. His Majesty, ever punctual to his appointment, arrived at nine, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester; Prince William of Gloucester; Earls Harrington and Chatham; Lord Cathcart, and all the General Officers, &c. and then the review commenced. Although it poured a torrent of rain the whole time, he continued without even a great coat, equally exposed as the meanest of his subjects. The only observable difference from his usual conduct on similar occasions was, that as he passed the line, he did not keep his hat off quite so long as in fine weather. It may be sufficient to observe, that the firing, under every disadvantage, was excellent.—The evolutions ended about one. His Majesty and the Princesses returned to Buckingham-house; then all the corps filed off, after having endured a most soaking rain for upwards of seven hours. A finer body of men, no country could produce. While they rivalled in discipline troops of the line, by the fineness of their cloathing, and the great variety of uniform, and richness of appointments, they far exceeded them in splendour.—The great number of beautiful standards and colours, the patriotic gifts of the most exalted and distinguished females, and the numerous music, also contributed much to the brilliancy and diversity of the scene. The concourse attracted by the scene was astonishing; the whole City might be truly said to have poured itself into the Park. So early as four o'clock the

the drums beat to arms in every quarter, and various other music summoned the reviewers and the reviewed to the field. Even then the clouds were surcharged with rain, which soon began to fall; but no unfavourableness of weather could damp the curiosity of even the most delicate of the fair. So early as six o'clock, all the avenues were crowded with elegantly dressed women, escorted by their beaux; and the assemblage was so great, that when the King entered the Park, it was thought advisable to shut several of the gates, to avoid too much pressure. The circumstance of the weather, which, from the personal inconvenience it produced, might be considered the most inauspicious of the day, proved, in fact, the most favourable for a display of beauty, for a variety of scene, and number of incidents. From the constant rain, and the constant motion, the whole Park could be compared only to a newly ploughed field. The gates being locked, there was no possibility of retreating, and there was no shelter but an old tree, or an umbrella. In this situation you might behold here an elegant woman with a neat yellow slipper, delicate ancle, and white silk stocking, stepping up to her garter in the mire with as little dissatisfaction as she would into her coach—there another making the first *faux pas* perhaps she ever did, and seated reluctantly on the moistened clay. Here is a whole groupe assembled under the hospitable roof of an umbrella, while the exterior circle, for the advantage of having one shoulder dry, is content to receive its dripping contents on the other. The antiquated virgin laments the evil hour in which (more fearful of a speckle than a wetting) she preferred the dwarfish parasol to the capacious umbrella. The lover regrets that there is no shady bower to which he might lead his mistress, "nothing loath." Happy she who can gain the cover of that protecting oak! Happy she who following fast finds in the crowd a pretence for closer pressure. Alas! were there but a few grottos, a few caverns, how many Didos—how many Æneas's?—Such was the state of the spectators: that of the troops was still worse; to lay exposed to a pelting rain, their arms had changed their mirror-like brilliancy to a dirty brown; their new cloaths lost all their gloss; the smoke of a whole campaign could not have more discoloured them. Where the ground was hard they slipped; where soft, they sunk up to the knee. The water ran out at their cuffs as from a spout, and filling their half boots, a squash at every step proclaimed, that the Austrian buckets could contain no more.—On the consequences of the day, various are the congratulations. Tailors, mercers, laundresses, all speculate upon a rise. Doctors and Apothecaries seem confident of an excellent harvest, and advertisements for quack medicines are become the order of the night.

CRICKET.

ON Monday, May 26, was played a grand match of cricket on Woolwich Common, between eleven gentlemen of the Woolwich Club, against a select eleven of Four Parishes, for Five Hundred Guineas.

WOOLWICH CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Pryer,	17	c. Lawrence
Ward, jun.	6	b. Driver
North,	5	c. Aylewood
Bennet,	21	st. ditto
S[illegible]		J. Ward,

J. Ward,	0	b. Luke
Stellman,	3	b. Driver
Crowhurst,	16	b. ditto
Talmash,	2	not out
Shirelock,	0	b. Luke
Goods,	3	b. ditto
Addams,	2	c. Burgess
Byes,	5	
Total,	80	

SECOND INNINGS.

Pryer,	9	b. Luke
Ward, jun.	1	b. ditto
North,	0	run out
Bennet,	0	b. Luke
J. Ward,	39	not out
Stellman,	9	run out
Crowhurst,	18	c. Driver
Talmash,	0	b. Luke
Shirelock	1	b. Driver
Goods	1	b. Burgess
Addams	1	c. Edwards.
Byes,	1	
Total,	80	

THE FOUR PARISHES.

FIRST INNINGS.

Edwards,	8	b. Bennet.
Round,	0	b. J. Ward
Addams,	0	b. ditto
Burgess,	10	c. Ward, jun.
Driver,	22	c. ditto
Luke,	24	not out
Laskhall,	0	b. Bennet
Lawrence,	4	b. J. Ward
Aylwood,	2	b. Bennet
Reed,	3	c. ditto
Hockley,	2	c. Talmash
Byes,	8	
Total,	83	

SECOND INNINGS.

Edwards,	0	b. J. Ward
Round,	0	b. ditto
Addams,		
Burgess,	28	and in
Driver,		
Luke	5	b. Bennet
Laskhall	3	and in
Lawrence,	1	run out
Aylwood		
Reed,	1	c. Bennet
Hockley,		
Byes,	5	
Total,	43	

The Four Parishes have five wickets to go down, for 35 runs; postponed. Five to four on Woolwich Club at starting.

On Tuesday, June 10, was played a grand match of cricket, in Thames Ditton Marsh, near Kingston, Surrey, between two select elevens, for 500 guineas. This match was made between a gentleman from London, and a gentleman of Ditton.

DITTON.

FIRST INNINGS.

Thrash,	2	c. Aldridge
Stevens,	3	b. Howard
Lovell,	19	not out
Grantlett,	2	b. Howard
Day,	1	b. Ray,
Mercer,	0	c. Howard
Feesham,	6	c. ditto
Shackelford,	10	c. Moss
Smith,	2	c. Evans
Rogers,	0	b. Ray
Potter,	6	b. Howard
Bye,	1	
Total,	52	

SECOND INNINGS.

Thrash,	4	c. Hawk
Stevens,	1	st. Ray
Lovell,	1	hit wicket
Grantlett,	2	c. Abbot
Day,	0	run out
Mercer,	0	b. Howard
Feesham,	4	c. Aldridge
Shackelford,	1	b. Howard
Smith,	4	c. ditto
Rogers,	0	not out
Potter,	13	c. Aldridge
Bye,	0	
Total,	30	

LONDON.

FIRST INNINGS.

Aldridge,	7	b. Lovell
Abbot,	13	b. Rogers
Howard,	22	c. Grantlett
Ray,	4	c. Mercer
Moss,	3	b. Rogers
Kidder,	2	b. Lovell
Stanford,	11	b. Rogers
Blake,	11	b. Lovell
Jackson,	6	c. Grantlett
Evans,	3	b. Lovell
Hawkes,	6	not out
Byes,	8	
Total,	96	

London won by one inning and 14 runs; 5 to 4 on London at starting.

On Wednesday, June 11, and the following day, was played a grand match of cricket, in Lord's ground, Mary-le-bone, between eleven of England against eleven of Surrey, for 1000 guineas.

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

G. Leycester, esq.	4	b. T. Walker
Boxall,	6	b. ditto
Hammond, -	29	b. J. Wells
Fennex,	10	run out
Beldam, -	3	b. T. Walker
Freemantle, -	8	run out
Purchase, -	0	c. J. Wells
Tanner, -	0	b. T. Walker
Barton,	11	c. Robinson
J. Gibbons, esq.	1	not out
Warren, esq. -	0	b. T. Walker
Byes, -	2	
Total,	80	

SECOND INNINGS.

G. Leycester, esq.	10	b. J. Wells
Boxall, -	9	run out
Hammond, -	5	not out
Fennex, -	4	b. J. Wells
Beldam, -	2	b. ditto
Freemantle,	8	run out
Purchase, -	0	c. H. Walker
Tanner, -	4	b. J. Wells
Barton, -	2	b. T. Walker
J. Gibbons, esq.	3	run out
Warren, esq. -	0	b. J. Wells
Byes,	3	
Total,	50	

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker, -	7	c. Beldam
H. Walker, -	1	b. ditto
Robinson, -	5	b. Boxall
J. Wells, -	1	c. Beldam
Small, jun. -	3	b. ditto
Hon. Gen. Lenox,	2	b. Boxall
R. Whitehead, esq.	0	b. Beldam
Woodruff, esq.	0	b. ditto
J. Weller, esq.	10	b. Boxall
Sir H. Martin,	0	b. ditto
Capt. Cooper,	0	not out
Byes,	2	
Total,	31	

SECONND INNINGS.

T. Walker, -		
H. Walker, -		
Robinson, -	17	b. Boxall
J. Wells, -	33	run out
Small, jun. -	9	c. Freemantle
Hon. Geo. Lenox,	11	b. Boxall
R. Whitehead, esq.	18	b. ditto
Woodruff, esq.	0	not out
J. Weller, esq.	2	not out
Sir H. Martin,	0	run out
Capt. Cooper,	7	c. Freemantle
Byes,	0	
Total,	97	

Even betting at starting—Surrey won by three wickets.

On Monday, June 16, and the following days, were played a grand match of cricket, in Lord's ground, Mary-le-bone, between fourteen of England, against eleven of Surrey, for 1000 guineas.

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker, -	15	c. Ray
J. Wells, -	0	b. Boxall
H. Walker, -	2	b. ditto
Hampton, -	11	c. Ray
W. Beldam, -	16	c. Boyle
Robinson, -	4	b. Ward
J. Walker, -	0	c. Fennex
Mr. Wells, -	0	c. Ray
Tanner, -	0	hit wicket
G. Beldam, -	3	not out
W. Wells, -	0	b. Boxall
Byes,	2	
Total,	53	

SECOND INNINGS.

T. Walker, -	0	run out
J. Wells, -	1	c. Boxall
H. Walker, -	2	b. Ward
Hampton, -	0	c. Boxall
W. Beldam, -	1	c. Smith
Robinson, -	8	c. Boxall
J. Walker, -	13	c. Hammond
Mr. Wells, -	12	c. Ward
Tanner, -	0	c. ditto
G. Beldam, -	31	not out
W. Wells, -	0	c. Hammond
Byes,	0	
Total,	68	

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

Boxall, -	7	b. T. Walker
Freemantle, -	24	c. H. Walker
Small, -	24	c. W. Beldam
Fennex -	4	c. H. Walker

Whitehead,

Whitehead, esq.	11	run out
Ward, -	6	b. T. Walker
Hammond, -	0	c. Mr. Wells
Barton, -	32	st. Mr. Wells
Ray, -	14	c. T. Walker
Crawte, -	5	c. W. Beldam
Bennet, -	1	st. Mr. Wells
Boyle, -	0	c. H. Walker
Smith, -	10	b. J. Wells
Harding, -	3	not out
Byes,	1	
Total,	118	

SECOND INNINGS.

Boxall, -		
Freemantle, -		
Small, -		
Fennex, -		
Whitehead, esq.	4	not out
Ward, -		
Hammond, -		
Barton, -	0	not out
Ray, -		
Crawte, -		
Bennet, -		
Boyle, -		
Smith, -		
Harding, -		
Byes,	0	
Total,	4	

England won by 13 wickets.—5 to 4 on Surrey at starting.

Pretended Miracle, effected by Gaming.

As a strong instance of modern superstition, Mr. Livesque relates, that "the Shakh of Persia presented to Michel (elected Czar in 1613) one of the shirts of Jesus Christ, which his troops had taken in Georgia. Researches were immediately made to procure proofs of the authenticity of so precious a relic; and first, the Archbishop of Vologda affirmed, that when he was on his journey from Jerusalem, where he had been Archdeacon, he saw a golden casket, on the column of a church in Georgia, which they told him enclosed the shirt of Jesus Christ. The testimony of the prelate would have been sufficient to have established the character of the holy shirt with the Russians, but they soon received a proof still more respectable, for it came from Palestine itself. The patriarch of Jerusalem was then at Moskow, and a monk in his suite declared every body in Palestine knew the shirt of Jesus Christ had passed into Georgia; for, that during the passion when the Saviour was despoiled of his garments, a Georgian soldier won the shirt at dice, and carried it into his own country. After such irrefragable proofs nothing remained but for the shirt to work miracles; this was exceedingly easy, and miracles were worked."

Curious Mode of Hunting Field Mice.

By JOHN WAGSTAFF.

PERHAPS it may not be unuseful to give a sketch of a history of this delving animal: not merely as illustrative of the foregoing plan of planting, but to point out an early mode of diminishing its numbers, which remove more seed corn than the husbandman is aware of; I believe frequently more than the winged ravagers which he is often on his guard against. The sketch of history I propose, is suggested by having been frequently of a party with other school lads, in traversing the stubbles for the habitations of the field mice, from which excursions we rarely returned without numerous captives. Our signal of discovery was a small heap of mould, thrown sometimes by, and oftentimes over the first entrance of their runs: generally at uncertain distances, there were other holes; sometimes many screened by thickets of stubble or weeds; these, when we found, we stopped up, and then traced their avenues from the first entrance through many winding

paths,

paths, a little beneath the surface; at other times, it led to a cell containing their nest, sometimes with callow young, but more frequently the half-grown progeny were gone off with the old pair to the extremity of their runs. To avoid what might be deemed a puerility of description, I shall remark in point, that on one side of their avenue, in a larger space than where their nest was formed, there is ever to be found, if we sought after it, a reservoir of corn: I think I distinctly remember having nearly filled my hat with this treasured provision.

The lately adopted mode of husbandry has a certainty in unsettling, but not reducing the number of these corn-devourers; a means somewhat similar to this boyish amusement must be adopted to prevent their ravages. By the present mode of husbandry their dwelling is broken in upon, but its inhabitants continue: when the plough breaks in upon their runs, they have a long period before it crosses the extremity of the space, whence they must necessarily sally; and it should seem they more generally possess themselves of the newly sown fields of wheat, where they fill new magazines with its grain, secure from destruction, safe from the talons of the owl; and here, after they have exhausted their magazine, for months they find subsistence from the earliest green formation of the grain to its state of maturation, at which period it is manifest they breed numerously. Our laws and the occupiers of land have set a price on a winged species of pillagers; while these scarcely obvious subterranean destroyers pillage with secret and more certain destruction: and the farmer's undoubted friend, and their natural enemy, the owl, is rarely protected, and too easily permitted to be wantonly destroyed.

FEAST OF WIT; or, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR, *Chester, June* 12.

IF you think the following Laconic Sermon worthy a place in your entertaining Miscellany, your inserting it will much oblige your constant reader, VENATOR.

Job.—Chapter 1st. verse 21.—"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return."

In discoursing on these words, I shall observe the three following things—

1st.—Man's ingress into the world.
2d.—His progress through the world.
And 3d.—His egress out of the world.

TO RETURN.

Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;
His progress thro' the world is trouble and care;
And his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

TO CONCLUDE.

If we do well here we shall do well there;
And I can tell you no more if I was to preach a whole year.

A French Reviewer speaking of a Novel, in which the hero is no sooner out of one prison than in another, remarks, that there is so much imprisonment in the work, that the reader at length begins to think that he is in prison also; and so wishes to get rid of the book, in order that he may find himself at *liberty* once more.

A fine

A fine drove of bullocks, being lately brought to Stilton Barracks for the French prisoners, one of them, a droll fellow, exclaimed—"Sure de Englishman eat no more beef, now he bring all the bulls daddies here to be kill!"

The Tables turned.—One of those harpies, in the constant habit of propagating reports in the newspapers about blights and blasts, and other indications of scarcity, and who probably, to use a plain phrase, measures other people's corn by his own bushel, very lately sent a paragraph of this kind to an Evening paper, which was inserted, with a note at the bottom, intimating the reception of the same, with *six shillings!* A grave *friend* hearing this read, very shrewdly asked the reader if he did not verily believe there were blasts and blights that damaged the corn? Certainly, said the other, I believe almost the whole country has been blasted and blighted ever since thee and thy *friends* have had any dealings in corn.

Hashim coming one day out of his palace, met a man who had but one eye, whom he commanded to be seized and imprisoned.—"What is my fault?" said the unhappy wretch.—"Thou art one-eyed," exclaimed the tyrant, "and meeting a one-eyed person is ominous of ill luck."—"Gracious heaven!" rejoined the man, "if the having only one eye is unlucky, it is only so to himself; but meeting a tyrant is an omen of ill to others. Perceivest thou not, that thy meeting me has done thee no harm, while my meeting thee hath involved me in misfortune?"—Hashimw as confounded, and released the unfortunate man.

It is related that an oppressive Prince, under whose tyranny his subjects had long groaned, suddenly altered his conduct, and became just and beneficent. A favourite who had the liberty of saying what he pleased, one day enquired the cause of this alteration in his conduct. The Prince replied, "I was one day hunting, when I beheld a dog gnawing savagely the leg of a fox. An attendant threw a stone at the fox, but it missed him and broke the leg of the dog. At that instant a horse kicked the attendant, and maimed him; when immediately the horse's foot sunk into a hole, and he was lamed. The sight of such retribution of injuries awakened me from the slumbers of heedlessness, and I became sensible, that tyranny could not long be borne in the world; that every foot must rise against it, and every arm be uplifted to drive it from the earth."

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers—"What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?"—A distressed officer starting up, said—"It certainly must be our arrears of pay."—The King was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary!

A tailor following the army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery.—The tailor said, "If I had possessed any brains I should not have been here."

A very bad performer once in a coffee-house sang repeatedly in a shocking tone—"Let a lover do what he may, he is excusable."—The company were offended at his discord, but he would not desist. At length a young fellow threw a cup of sherbet in his face, and the musician being enraged, the humourist cried out—"I am in love,

I am

I am in love, as all my friends here well know."—The musician was forced to retire from the cutting laughter of the company.

A profligate infidel had embraced the Mussulman faith. When he was circumcised, the divines told him he was now become as it were new born. About six months after his conversion, he was accused, by some zealous neighbours, of neglecting the rites of religion, and not saying his prayers.—"My dear friends," said he, "I am but six months old, and did you ever hear of one of my age being able to pray."

An astrologer was condemned to the gibbet, when one asked him, why he did not foresee his fate, and avoid it.—"I saw clearly," said he, "that I was to be exalted, but I did not enquire of the stars how it was to be."

A profligate fellow said to a woman—"Let me kiss thee, that I may know who kisses best, thee or my wife.—"Go, and ask my husband," said she, "he can tell thee, for he has kissed both of us."

A preacher in a mosque, began the history of Noah, with this quotation from the Koran—"I have called Noah;" but forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over and over again. At length an Arab cried out—"If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

An Irishman, the captain of a vessel, not much acquainted with the manners of the world, went lately to the Opera. On his return to his lodgings, he was asked how the performers acquitted themselves.—"By J——s," replied he, "I don't know, but I believe very so, so—for there was one of them they called *Bonte*, or *Bunte*, or some such name, and she sung so d—d bad, that they made her sing all her songs over again.

When Dakin, the long-bearded philanthropist, was assisting the distressed of Chesham, seeing a woman, whose outward appearance attracted his notice, he asked—"What made her so poor."—"Because," replied she, "I am needy, and have no money."—Hereupon, in his wonted way, he turned aside her handkerchief, and to his surprize discovered a decent shift of an unusual whiteness; upon which, closing his purse, he shook his head and said—"There is no want here, you are a deception."—"Alas, then," replied the petitioner, "we are both equally disappointed. I have often heard charity was *cold*, but never supposed, till now, she was *filthy*."

The *fall* of Miss *Snow*, a lady not of the most diminutive size, from her poney, gave occasion for a wag to observe, that he had witnessed a prodigious *fall* of SNOW at Hyde Park in the *dog-days!*

"You are a *Jew*," said one man to another: "when I bought this pig of you, it was to be a guinea; and now you demand five and twenty shillings; which is *more* than you asked."—"For that very reason," replied the other, "I am *no Jew*; for a *Jew* always takes *less* than he asks."

Bon Mot.—Madame, disoit-on dernièrement à une femme d'esprit, Mercier n'est point content de NEWTON—Eh bien! repondit-elle, qu'il prenne DES CARTES.

A certain great personage, having examined the works of an eminent painter at a late sale, expressed his surprize, that a man should make such beautiful pictures, and get such ugly children. "'Tis singular," replied the auctioneer, "but then you do not consider that he drew his pictures by day, and got his children at night."

As a well-fed citizen of notorious character, was driving to his coun-

try seat, the linch pin of the wheel of his curricle got loose, and down he fell. A young spark, whose father had lately failed, riding by, and seeing the disaster, said, "Sir, I fear you are broke." "Not advantageously so," replied the cit, for at present I am not acquainted with a *convenient* assignee to repair my loss.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following match is likely to produce as much noise on the Turf, as the race between Hambletonian and Diamond: on the first day of Craven Meeting, 1801, 1000gs. h. f. two middle miles of B. C. Mr. J. Heathcote's Warter, 8st. 7lb. against Sir H.V. Tempest's Cockfighter, 8st.—Cockfighter is the favourite; five to four.

A new subscription, we understand, is entered into for the further continuance of the Berkeley Hunt, and that the Earl of Berkeley, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Dupre, are fixed upon as the managers; and in better hands it could not be placed.

A famous game at fives was lately played in the tennis-court at Wrexham.—A person named Davies, staked twenty guineas to ten, to play single-handed against any four from Overton, which he won with great ease.

A horse belonging to a gentleman of Cambridge, lately started on the Newmarket road, to walk three, trot three, and gallop three miles within the hour, which he performed with ease, having five minutes to spare.

A peal of five bells was opened at Costessey, in Norfolk, on Whitsun Wednesday, being the King's birth-day, by some of the Norwich ringers; cast by Mr Osborn, bell-hanger and founder, from Downham. Sir William Jerningham has subscribed largely, and the other inhabitants very liberally, so as to raise a sum sufficiently for the purchase of the bells. Sir William has lately rebuilt part of the steeple, which was blown down some years since, and added a very handsome spire to it, at his own expence, which makes it a great ornament to Costessey, and the surrounding villages.

A very singular circumstance occurred at Lindale, near Carmel, Lancashire. Whilst the minister was reading the funeral service, in the chapel, over the remains of a poor old woman, the coffin maker descended into the grave, to examine the size; at the instant he got down, a bird flew in his face, which disconcerted him not a little; and on examining, he found a wren's nest, almost completed. The grave had only been opened about ten hours.

Lately, a fat ox, the property of a butcher, at Horsham, ran furiously at a sentinel, belonging to the 9th foot, posted at the gate of Horsham barracks. The soldier, to defend himself, immediately charged his bayonet, which unluckily snapping short against the head of the animal, left the sentinel defenceless, and the enraged beast gored him so terribly in the thigh, that he died the next day. The bullock afterwards attacked another soldier, whom he pinned betwixt his horns against a bank, in which perilous situation he kept him till the butcher had procured halters and assistance to secure the animal; nor could the man, even then, be extricated, but by the slaughter of the bullock whilst he

was

was standing over him. This soldier, however, received little injury.

A few days ago two labouring men, the one a blacksmith, having a trifling dispute at a public-house in Great Guildford street, in the Borough, turned out to fight, when the blacksmith was unfortunately killed on the spot, he having received a fatal blow on the jugular vein.

In Rotten-row, Sunday, May 25, a gentleman and a jockey riding at full speed, in opposite directions, struck against one another, and were both, with their horses, thrown down. The former was carried off the ground lifeless.

An accident of a remarkable nature lately happened in the environs of Beziers, in Languedoc. A labouring man coming home found a kite perched on the cradle of his child, and devouring it so greedily, that the father took the bird without any difficulty, but the child was so much injured as to be past recovery.

While two boys were playing in a boat on the Severn at Worcester, one of them fell into the river, and must have perished, had not a dog been incited to jump in after him: the animal reached the child just as he was sinking, and held him above the water until a boat was put off to his assistance.

In the last debate on the Income Bill, Mr. Jolliffe said the expression of an old member was fully exemplified: — " The country gentlemen were like sheep; sheer one, and you may sheer them all: but the commercial ones were like hogs; touch but a bristle, and you have them all in an uproar."

A female servant who was hired as an experienced cook, was desired to prepare a hare for dinner. After a considerable time had elapsed, the mistress, anxious to see her dinner in a forward state of preparation, went into the kitchen, and found her servant busily employed, both with teeth and hands, in plucking the hare instead of casing it!—" Good G—d! Molly, you certainly never saw a hare in your life before?"—" O yes, Madam, a great many in Lord Talbot's park, running about, but I never plucked one in my life before."

The late Mr. Lockman was an eye-witness to the following circumstance:—Being at the house of Mr. Lee, a gentleman in Cheshire, whose daughter was a fine performer on the harpsichord, he saw a pigeon which, whenever the young lady played Mr. Handel's song of Spera Si (in Admetus) would fly from an adjacent dove-house, to the window in the parlour, where she sat, and listened to it with the most pleasing emotion; and the instant the song was over, would return to the dove-house.

On Tuesday, June 17, a lame horse, named the Duke of Clarence, only fifteen hands high, the property of a German pork butcher, in Tooley street, ran against time for a wager of thirty guineas, being allowed five hours to run thirty miles, carrying twelve stone. He started from the one-mile stone on the Shoreditch road, and ran sixteen miles out, and back again, in four hours and sixteen minutes!!

A recent Stratagem.—The surrender of Hohentwiel is related in the following manner.—The Commandant received an order from the Duke of Wurtemburg, that on the same day he should receive a reinforcement of 500 men, for whom he should order bread to be baked immediately. Soon afterwards a body of troops made its appearance, dressed in Imperial and Wurtemberg uniforms, who were admitted into the fort, when the fraud was discovered, and it appeared that the

 order

order was forged, and that the pretended reinforcements were French soldiers in disguise. This fortress had been famous ever since the thirty years war. In the 17th century, it had frequently been besieged, but never conquered: and during the whole of the present war, it had never been in the possession of the French or the Austrians, but always remained in the hands of the Duke of Wurtemberg. It is situated on a high rock, which commands a prospect of the mountains of Switzerland and Tyrol: forty acres of land, which it posseses, almost entirely supply it with provisions: and in many respects it may be compared with the fortress of Koningstein in Saxony.

On Tuesday, June 17, Captain Bowles, of the Shaftesbury Volunteers, undertook, for a wager, to ride on his own horse from Shaftesbury to Salisbury twice, being a distance of thirty miles, in the course of sixteen hours, and performed it with great ease in fourteen hours and an half.

On Wednesday, June 11, at Monkwearmouth-shore, a young man, a baker, undertook for a trifling wager, to pick up one hundred stones, at a hundred yards distance, in fifty minutes, which he performed in forty-two with apparent ease.

On Saturday, June 21, a gentleman, of Fulham, was fined five pounds, for employing a man with an unlawful net to fish in the Thames. An attorney attended at the Mansion-house to exculpate the offence: but the Lord Mayor said—"I am under the necessity of fining poor fishermen, who violate the law for a precarious livelihood; and I will not excuse this gentleman." The attorney paid the fine.

As Edward Oates, under gardener to his Grace the Archbishop of York, was lately attempting to take a hawk's nest, he was so violently attacked by the birds, as to occasion him to fall from the tree, and he was unfortunately killed on the spot.

The Duke of York lost two of his horses at Ascot Heath, on Tuesday in the race week. During the race they were given in charge to a person, who soon disappeared with them, and nothing has since been heard either of him or the horses.

A farmer in a neighbouring county, lately lost three horses, valued at seventy pounds, through the ignorance of one of his servants, who with a view of giving the animals fine coats, administered to them, in their food, so much roll brimstone, that they died in a few days after. The intestines of one of the carcases that was opened, contained near a pound of the sulphur. The man has absconded, and it is to be hoped that the effects of his misconduct, will prove a caution to other servants against tampering with their masters cattle in the same way.

A person of Crossland-hedge, near Huddersfield, was lately enriched with the following increase of stock and family.—At six o'clock in the morning, one of his cows was delivered of two calves; and at seven a heifer of one calf: at nine his sow was brought to bed of eleven pigs, and before noon his wife presented him with twin heirs to all these blessings.

Major Semple, of great notoriety, by a promise to retire to some foreign country, has got *leave of absence from Tothil-fields.*

An Irish actor taking leave of his auditors, is made to say, "This cannot—nay, must not be concluded, without repeating again, and yet again, that the swell of gratitude in a generous, a gallant public, rolls the billow of feeling beyond the feeble tide of expression."

POETRY.

Falling of the Stand.

Published July 1,1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

FALL OF THE STAND.

[The Etching for the present Month's Magazine, is taken from the following Poem, called the SCENERY OF THE CHASE.—Our Artist, it must be confessed, has been a little too free in the delineation of some of his Figures; as, however, the Group is in Miniature, and not executed with a Design to offend the Eye of Delicacy, we hope it will be viewed as a Thing to laugh at, and not sketched from any immoral Principle.]

THE SCENERY OF A HORSE-RACE.

THE horses run, the chaises fly,
What noise in every place?
Pray come, my friend, and let us see
The pleasures of a race.

What numbers now are trudging on!
Observe how quick their pace!
On foot, on horse, in chaise and coach,
All hastening to the race.

Remark how many huts and booths,
In every part we trace;
For selling brandy, beer, and gin,
To those who see the race.

What numbers spend their money here,
And health and soul unbrace;
And rob their families of bread,
To spend it at the race.

That gentleman, so richly dress'd,
Whose well-fed horse now neighs;
His fortune spends to train and fit
His nags, to win the race.

Those farmers' wives, and daughters gay,
Who canter, trot, and pace;
Have rais'd their butter, eggs, and cheese,
To dress, and see the race.

That poor old wretch, who sprawling lies,
And makes such odd grimace;
She in a barrow carries fruit,
To revel, fair, and race;

But by ill-luck a one-horse chair,
Which went a swinging pace;
This poor old woman overtook,
As she went to the race.

The driver saw she try'd in vain,
Her barrow to replace;
So her and barrow overset,
And press'd towards the race.

Now apples, nuts, and pears lay strew'd,
A scramble then took place,
Between the idle girls and boys,
Who came to see the race.

That boy, who runs along so fast,
His master disobeys;
All work and duty quite forgot,
So he can see the race.

That mother, who shou'd be at home,
Her idle turn betrays;
With two young infants in her arms,
She goes to see the race.

The people now to yonder stands,
All flock to get a place;
And all impatient are to see,
This long-expected race.

The horses start, the sport begins,
And all with rapture gaze;
The jockies in their party-dress,
With joy begin the race.

Each panting horse with labour strives,
The others to outpace;
The knowing-ones begin to bett,
And wager on the race.

But

But how it rains! how black the clouds!
The heaven's shower down apace;
All run and scamper, wet to skin,
Who came to see the race.

What means that crash? what mean those screams?
That bustle and amaze?
I fear yon crouded stand is fall'n,
The largest at the race.

Alas! 'tis so. Confusion dire
Appears in every face;
And all lament, and join to wish,
They ne'er had seen the race.

Now broken limbs, and bruises sad,
Are seen throughout the place;
And numbers from the stand are dragg'd,
But not to see the race.

Amidst the hurry which ensues,
A pick-pocket conveys
A farmer's watch and purse away,
Who came to see the race.

At length, hard lot! all dripping home,
Some go for to retrace,
The cause of time, of money lost,
The mischiefs of a race.

THE GRANNY GREY.—A TALE.

DAME Dowson was a *granny grey*,
Who *threescore years and ten*
Had pass'd her busy hours away,
In talking of the *men*.
They were her theme, at home, abroad,
At wake, and by the winter fire;
Whether it froze, or blew, or thaw'd,
In sun-shine, or in shade, her ire
Was never calm'd: for still she made
Scandal her *pleasure* and her *trade*.—

A grand-daughter Dame Dowson had,
As fair as fair could be;
Lovely enough to make *men* mad;
For on her cheek's soft downy *rose*,
Love seem'd in dimples to repose;
Her clear blue eyes look'd mildly bright,
Like ether drops of liquid light,
Or, *sapphire gems*, which Venus bore,
When, for the silver-sanded shore,
She left her native sea!

Annetta was the damsel's name,
A pretty, soft, romantic sound,
Such as a lover's heart may wound,
And set his fancy in a flame;
For had the *maid* been christen'd Joan,
Or Deborah, or Hester,
The *little God* had coldly press'd her,
Or let her quite alone.
For magic is the silver sound,
Which often in *a name* is found.

Annetta was belov'd, and she
To Edwin gave her vows;
For Edwin was as brave a youth,
As ever claim'd the meed of truth,
And to reward such constancy,
Nature *that meed* allows:
But old Dame Dowson could not bear
A *youth so brave*—a *maid so fair*!

The Granny Grey, with maxims grave,
Oft, to Annetta, lessons gave—
And still the burthen of the tale
Was "*Keep the wicked men away*—
"*For, shou'd their wily arts prevail,*
"*You'll surely rue the day!*"
Annetta blush'd, and promised, she
Obedient to her will would be.

But Love, with cunning all his own,
Would never let the *maid* alone;
And tho' she dar'd not see her lover,
Lest *Granny* should the deed discover,
She, for a woman's weapon, still
From Cupid's pinion pluck'd a quill—
And with it prov'd, that human art
Cannot confine the *female heart*.

At length an assignation she
With Edwin slily made;
It was beneath an old oak tree,
Whose widely spreading shade
The pale Moon's beams contriv'd to break
For many a *Village Lover's* sake.
But *Envy* has a *Lynx's* eye;
And Granny Dowson cautious went
Before, to spoil their merriment—
Thinking no creature nigh.

Young Edwin came, and at the tree
The watchful *Grandam* found;
Straight to the village hastened he,
And summoning his neighbours round,
The hedge-rows tangled boughs among,
Conceal'd the list'ning, wond'ring throng.

Now to Dame Dowson he repairs,
And in his arms enfolds the *Granny*;
Kneels at her feet, and fondly swears
He will be true as any;
Embraces her with well-feign'd bliss,
Prints on her lips the smoth'ring kiss;
On the green turf beside her *lying*,
Pours forth his ardent soul—in *sighing*.

The Dame was silent—for the *Lover*
Would, when she spoke,
She *fear'd*, discover
Her envious joke;—
And she was too well pleas'd to be
In haste to end the comedy.

Now

Now suddenly from ev'ry bush
The village throngs impatient rush;
With shouting, and with boist'rous glee,
Dame Dowson they pursue;
And from the broad oak's canopy,
O'er moon-light fields of sparkling dew,
They bear, in triumph, the *Old* Dame,
Bawling, with loud huzzas, her name:
And ev'ry day they went in throngs,
With wanton jest, and sportive songs,
'Till Granny of her spleen repented;
And to Young Edwin's ardent pray'r,
To take, for life, Anetta fair,
At last—CONSENTED!

And should this *Tale* fall in the way
Of *Lovers cross'd*, or *Grannies Grey*,
Let them confess 'tis made to prove
The *wisest heads*—*too weak* for LOVE!
TABITHA BRAMBLE.

ANACREONTIC SONG,

AD POCULUM.

BY CAPTAIN MORRICE,

For which he received the Prize of the Gold Cup from the Harmonic Society.

COME thou soul-reviving Cup,
And try thy healing art;
Light the Fancy's visions up—
And warm my wasted heart!
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Mem'ry's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heav'n that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the Lyric Muse
Ever dipp'd her wing,
Anacreon fed upon thy dews,
And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my *spirit* find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
And store my vacant mind!

When, blest Cup, thy fires divine
Pierce thro' Time's dark reign,
All the Joys that once were mine
I snatch from Death again;
And, tho' oft fond Anguish rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes—
And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet Cup, was Vot'ry blest
More thro' Life than me;
And that Life, with grateful breast,
Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd Nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while Time runs *thro' the glass*
To Fancy's brighter day!

Then, magic Cup, again for me
Thy pow'r creative try;
Again let hope-fed Fancy see
A heav'n in Beauty's eye!
O, lift my lighten'd heart away
On Pleasure's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss *to-day*
To-morrow may not bring.

The PERSIAN TAILOR *and his* POT.

(Being the Origin of a Popular Phrase).

A Tailor, you must understand,
Dwelt at a place called *Samercand*,
Tho' strange, he did not find it hard
To live and thrive in a Church-yard;
And, free from care, did get his bread
Among the tomb-stones and the dead.
Whether employed by Parish clerks,
Or *Resurrection-men*, (those sharks,
That for Old Nick don't care a button,
And barter human flesh like mutton);
Or whether 'twas the tailor's fancy,
The Poet neither knows or can say:
But 'twas his rule to count the number
Of those that took a lasting slumber;
And when the grave a tenant got,
He cast a button in a *Pot*
Of china, earthen-ware, or delf,
Plac'd for the purpose on a shelf;
And every month did calculate
How many left this mortal state.
At length grim Death attack'd poor Snip,
And his slight thread of life did clip!
The Tailor's friends, in wooden closet,
His remnant quickly did deposit,
For hungry worms a luscious treat,
Whilst hungry heirs his *cabbage* eat.
A brother stitch one day did pass
The shop, where oft' he'd drank a glass
Of cool *Sherbet*, for Moslem's think
Gin, a most sinful dram to drink;
Alas! if Mah'med's law's a just one,
In Britain there is many a curst one,
That daily takes, in shape of gin,
A belly full of deadly sin.
But I digress—a fault, 'tis true,
With Authors not entirely *new*.
Surpris'd the Tailor, view'd the board,
Deserted by its former Lord,
And ask'd if age, disease, or debt,
Had render'd Snip's old throne to let?
"Friend," said a wag, upon the spot,
"He, with the rest, is *gone to pot*."

SIR SIMON AND HODGE;

OR, THE ADDITIONAL WRINKLE.

BY MR. HARRISON.

AS Hodge, one day, was swelt'ring in in the sun,
A dry old dog, yet a true child of fun;

Sir

Sir Simon came, to see his man so blithe,
Panting beneath the labour of his scythe:
For Hodge had risen ere the early dawn,
'Twas now high noon, nor yet clean shav'd the lawn.
Much had he done, which he was pleas'd to view,
But curs'd the little that remain'd to do.
His arms were weary, and his aged back
Seem'd ev'ry sinew, at each bend, to crack;
At ev'ry stroke, the drops of sweat fast pace
Down the rough furrows of his time-plough'd face.
And still he stops, though he can scarcely stand,
To sweep his dewy forehead with his hand;
With frequent rubbings whets his ling'ring blade,
And sighs for ev'ning, and the fresh'ning shade.
Now old Sir Simon was as queer a soul,
As Hodge himself, but nothing like so droll:
He had some wit, and thought that he had more,
As many a greater wit has done before;
And many another, we may well maintain,
Has done so since, and will do so again.
"Hodge," says Sir Simon, "you can't well be dry,
For you are wet enough, I see, to fry;
Now had you been but dry enough to burn,
A jug of ale had done you no ill-turn!"
Hodge smil'd at very mention of the nappy;
But at the sight, was wond'rously more happy:
For now Sir Simon, having had his joke,
Drew the full pitcher from beneath his cloak.
Hodge seiz'd with eager hand the foaming prize;
And heav'n-ward raising both his grateful eyes,
Fast down his throat the welcome liquor pours,
Nor heeds his master, loudly though he roars—
"Stop, Hodge! why, Hodge; zounds; Hodge, why don't you stop?
I'm thirsty too; zounds! Hodge, leave me a drop!"
Sir Simon bawl'd as loud as he could bawl,
But Hodge ne'er stopp'd, till he had swallow'd all.
As slowly, now, he panting gains his breath,
That seem'd awhile o'ermatch'd by struggling death—
"Hodge," says Sir Simon, "pry'thee canst not hear?
Why, zounds! I bade thee not drink all the beer!
Deuce take thy throat, mine's hoarse with so much bawl;
I've half a mind to ram down jug and all.
I told thee I was dry as well as thee;
But not a drop, plague take thee, is left for me!"
Hodge now affected wonderful surprize,
And just like a pig's just stuck appear'd his eyes—
"Lord, Sir," says Hodge, seemingly vast contrite,
Though bent by trick to pacify the knight,
"Ise be main sorry thus to give offence;
But, to a person of your worship's sense,
Ise need not say, for that would be absurd,
While a man drinks he ne'er can hear one word."
"Not hear while drinking?" straight Sir Simon cries,
Fill'd, in his turn, with a stuck pig's surprize;
"Why, sure—why, sure, Hodge—that can never be!
Egad, I'll fetch another jug, and see."
Away the knight, with his best speed, then went,
To find the truth, as told by Hodge, intent;
And Hodge, mean time, contrived the means to make
Sir Simon, what he said, for Gospel take.
"Now, Hodge," the knight, returning, cried, "we'll try
If what you tell me truth be, or a lye.
I'll drink, and you must bellow—"Stop, stop, stop!
Do, pray, Sir," you may add, "leave me a drop."
This, when I hear, I certainly will do;
So, as I drink, remember, Hodge, bawl you."
Sir Simon heav'd the pitcher to his head;
Hodge op'd his mouth, but not a word he said:
Yet gap'd so wide, there seem'd abundant fear
The fellow meant to tear from ear to ear.
"This truth, so strange," to Hodge Sir Simon cried,
"I ne'er would have believ'd had I not tried.
Thus, Hodge, it is, though life wears fast away,
Wiser and wiser, we grow every day!
This time thou hadst, I fairly own, most brains,
So freely take the liquor for thy pains."
Hodge thus got paid for playing off his wit;
And pleas'd his master was, tho' he was bit:
Convinc'd that he had gain'd a wrinkle more
No matter where—than e'er he had 'fore.